THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

# MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

## *TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,*

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

## *For* MAY, 1802.

CONTAINING,


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Performances of the Trotting Mare, Phenomena | 67 |
| Sporting Subjects in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy | 68 |
| The Fashionable Sportsman | 69 |
| Challenge to run Greyhounds | 70 |
| Tennis Match | 71 |
| Mail-Coach Match | ibid. |
| Imperial Races | ibid. |
| Mr. King, the Comedian's, farewell Address | 72 |
| Life, &c. of Col. Hanger, continued | 73 |
| Curious Particulars of the Rein-Deer | 75 |
| Proposals for an Improvement in Youthful Amusement and Exercise | 77 |
| Flixton Meeting | 78 |
| A Quack's Meditation | 82 |
| Master Stephen on Coursing | ibid. |
| Amusements of the Palais Royal | 83 |
| Nicety in Betting | 85 |
| Anecdote of the Temple Clock | 86 |
| Mary Queen of Scots, and her Dog | ibid. |
| Stallions to Cover this Season | 87 |
| Proclamation of Peace | 88 |
| Utility of Birds | 91 |
| Plunging, or Diving Vessels | 92 |
| Ancient May Games, &c. | 93 |
| Account of an Elephant kept in the Tower, &c. | 95 |
| History of Ancient and Modern Coursing | 96 |
| Account of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain | 99 |
| Remarks on the Abuses of Sporting, Cock-fighting, &c. | 101 |
| Observer's Reply to Mr. Watson | 102 |
| History of Clubs, continued | 104 |
| Epitaph, &c. on Sir Thomas Parkyns | ibid. |
| The Great Eater | 105 |
| Ancient Fencing School in Warwick Lane | ibid. |
| Antiquity of Private Theatricals | 107 |
| Sporting with Serpents | 108 |
| New and interesting Patents lately enrolled | 109 |
| FEAST OF WIT | 110 |
| SPORTING INTELLIGENCE | 112 |
| **POETRY.** | |
| The New Chevy Chase | 117 |
| A Rainy Sunday | 118 |
| On the Peace | ibid. |
| Sentimental Toasts | 119 |
| Jack at the Opera | ibid. |
| In Vino Veritas | ibid. |
| The old Lover | 120 |
| In C. D. Medicum et Equitem Auratum | ibid. |
| Lines on seeing a Hackney Coach-horse in London streets | ibid. |
| RACING CALENDAR, | 1—8 |


[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of the celebrated Trotting Mare, PHENOMENA, and an Etching of DEAD GAME, Plate III.]


*LONDON.*

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

# TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who favoured us with a pencilled Drawing of DEAD GAME, has our best Thanks.—It may hereafter be brought into use, under the direction of one of the ingenious Artists who engrave for this Magazine.

We are much obliged to the Correspondent who has sent us the Journal of an ingenious Missionary, now at the Cape of Good Hope.—The curious and *original* account of the Birds and Beasts of Africa, especially the objects of Game, among which are some, hitherto *non-descripts*, shall enrich our succeeding Numbers.

Trotting Mare, Phenomina.

Pub. June 1.1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

## FOR MAY, 1802.

### PHENOMENA.

[With a beautiful Engraving from a Painting, by Mr. SARTORIUS.]

THIS most extraordinary Mare, is the property of Mr. Joseph Robson, of Little Britain. In May 1800, she was matched to trot seventeen miles within the hour, which she performed in the July following on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, in fifty-six minutes, carrrying five stone, Eighty Pounds to Twenty Pounds. Every person, doubting the fairness of her last performance, conceiving it not possible for any horse to do it within the time, she was again matched, July 22, 1800, to trot seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes, for a bet of Four Hundred Pounds to Two Hundred Pounds, that she did not do it; but to the great astonishment of every one, she performed it in less than fifty-three minutes. Prior to her last performance, she was matched to trot nineteen miles within the hour, for a bet of Two Thousand Guineas to One Hundred Guineas; but on her winning her last match, with so much ease, they chose to pay forfeit. Mr. Robson offered she should trot nineteen miles and an half in the hour, but they would not make stakes.

The foregoing are the particulars first obtained respecting this Mare; since which we have to recount two subsequent matches trotted by her, with the Kentish Poney.

On Monday morning the 3d of May, at twenty minutes past five o'clock, the mare, Phenomena, and the Kentish Poney, started from the nine-mile stone, near Woodford, in Essex, to decide a wager of Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, which they were matched to trot for. The mare being engaged to perform eighteen miles in the same time that the poney did seventeen. For the first three miles the Poney kept pace with the Mare, but the latter then began to gain ground, which its rider perceiving, pushed the animal so hard, that he forced it several times into a gallop, and was obliged to turn round, which considerably impeded its way. On the Poney arriving at the nineteen-mile stone, it turned about to perform the remaining seven miles back, which would have completed its

whole distance; but it had not proceeded more than two miles, when the Mare came up alongside, having gone half a mile beyond the nineteen-mile stone, in order to make up the distance of eighteen miles. Finding the Poney had no chance of winning, the rider pulled up.—The Mare then slackened her pace, but continued to go on till she had gone the eighteen miles, which she executed in one hour, five minutes, and forty seconds.

The Mare and Poney were matched on the *turf*, for the same sum, and on the same terms, to take place on Epsom Race Ground.

The particulars of this last match are as follows:

Wednesday morning, the 12th instant, about seven o'clock, the Mare, Phenomena, and the Poney, started on Epsom Race Ground, to perform over the turf their second match, for Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, the Mare allowing the Poney one mile in the hour, as before, on the road. The Mare gained ground considerably for the first two miles, but after that, for some distance further, she did little more than keep it. The Poney was driven into a gallop four times, and being obliged as often to turn round, occasioned great disadvantage. When the hour expired, a gun was fired as a signal for the riders to pull up, which being done, it was so nice a matter, that the ground was obliged to be measured to determine the wager; when it was found that the Mare had only won by about twenty yards. The Mare did not quite perform seventeen miles within the hour.

On the score of Pedigree, we believe, there can be nothing to say, as she was originally bought by a butcher in a fair.

## Sporting Subjects, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

9 PORTRAIT of a hunter—T. Gooch.

11 Portrait of a man and dray-horse—H. B. Chalon.

18 Tigers—S. Gilpin, R. A.

32 Portrait of the mare Isabella, and foal—J. F. Sartorius

34 Portrait of the colt Edmund —J. F. Sartorius.

90 Portrait of Jessy, an Eclipse mare—S. Edwards.

102 A view of the eagle's nest at Killarney—E. Garvey, R. A.

115 Drawing a covert: a scene in Northamptonshire—T. Hand

152 Portrait of a lady passing the Alps—J. Northcote, R. A.

183 The first shot in September: Morning—T. Hand.

208 Portraits of two horses, and dogs, in the possession of G. Townley Stubbs—G. Stubbs, A.

232 Portrait of a horse—J. N. Sartorius.

238 Portrait of a hunter—T. Gooch.

253 The rash Lewellin—J. Eckstein.

> "Lewellin returns: not immediately finding his child, and rashly suspicious, he stabs Gelert; when the rosy infant, hid beneath some clothes, is safely discovered with a dead wolf."

254 The faithful Gelert—J. Eckstein.

> "Lewellin being gone to the chase, the faithful Gelert encounters a great wolf, in defence of his infant heir."
>
> From the admired poem, A Beth Gelert.

261 Brace of partridges—J. Sillett.

312 A tiger: from nature—G. Garrard, A.

394 Portrait of Mr. Thomson, animal and bird preserver to the Leverian and British Museums—R. R. Reinagle.

485 Portrait

485 Portrait of a Pomeranian dog—G. Ainslie, Esq. H.

583 Wood-pigeons: from nature—Mrs. Wheatley.

606 Portrait of a Newfoundland dog, the property of Capt. Diggins, 11th Dragoons—W. Chamberlain.

613 Hunting—C. Gessner.

631 Portrait of a mare—B. Mason.

765 A peasant attacked by wolves in the snow—G. Garrard, A.

859 Portrait of a cart-horse, the property of Mr. Westcar—J. N Sartorius.

866 Portrait of an Indian bull, in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon—G. Stubbs, A.

957 A model of a dog—G. Eckstein.

973 A lion's head, to be introduced in one of the public monuments—J. Bacon.

1092 Portrait of a cart stallion—G. Arnald.

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## The Fashionable Sportsman.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THE distinguished traits of a genuine true-bred, English sportsman (alias the hospitable Country 'Squire), having been thought worthy a place in your last Number, I the more readily take up my pen to transmit you the prominent features of a very different kind of character, passing under the denomination of a Sportsman of Fashion, or, Fashionable Sportsman. This sort of sportsman is more frequently seen in the metropolis, than in any other part of the kingdom, being much greater adepts in the arts of the town, than the sports of the field. They are the principal inhabitants of the numerous hotels, taverns, and coffee-houses, very few (if any) being troubled with a residence of his own. They are most of them remarkable for the antiquity of their families, some of which are of such long standing, that it is not without great difficulty they are enabled to discover their own origin. They are in general "gentlemen" of the most undaunted spirit and incredible enterprise; they dare danger in almost every form, and dread no object in existence, so much as a Sheriff's Deputy, or a Bow-street Officer. So true it is, "birds of a feather flock together," that they are to be seen in "herds" at the western extremity of the town, where, arm in arm, three or four deep, (with the most unblushing effrontery) they put every woman to the blush, and elbow every man into the kennel. They are singularly remarkable for the uniformity of external appearance, bearing about them every part of the apparatus necessary to constitute the Sportsman—horses and hounds excepted. Immersed in the immense and unprecedented magnitude of their "leathern conveniencies," new topped boots, and crane-necked spurs, they feel exultingly armed "for either field," and of course attack the sporting ladies with becoming confidence. Bred in the school of freedom, they disdain the formal and rigid rules of custom; setting at defiance the paltry idea of family names and distinctions, they prefer the military appellation of "Captain," or the various conveniencies of an *alias*, to any title the Gazette could honour them with. Having much time on their hands, these sportsmen of fashion are a perpetual bore not only to Tattersal, on Saturdays and Sundays, but to the principal

principal dealers every other day in the week, to whom, in fact, they soon become pretty well known, and are estimated accordingly. They are always "in want of horses," but never find any precisely applicable to their purpose. Grooms too they are in eternal pursuit of, "not that they have any occasion for them at present, but to be ready when they take their horses up from grass." At the most fashionable confectioners and fruiterers, they are considered a perfect nuisance; where, for "an ice," or "a jelly," they engross the room (to the exclusion of others) during the greater part of the day. In the boxes and lobbies of the Theatres, they are the least welcome, and most dreaded of all visitors; this spot being the extreme summit of their ambition; where they can practise the most consummate impudence with impunity, and, in a variety of ways, offer insult to the polite and unprotected, without the fear of punishment. Some of these sporting gentlemen are intimately connected with, and related to, a certain family, and are exceedingly expert at games of chance; the entertainment of an evening can never be obstructed by any want of knowledge on their parts; for, possessing a kind of intuitive universality, no proposition can well come amiss: a rubber at whist; the odd game in eleven at cribbage; a lounge at billiards, or even a box hand, at "seven's the main," are all matters of business, and of course readily fallen into. Dependant in a great degree upon the favours of fortune, they "watch her with a wary eye," and let no moment escape in which they can attract her attention to their service. Subject to her caprice, it can create no surprise if they experience her vicissitudes; for her favours fluctuating mostly in the night, many there are who have basked in her *golden* showers on one day, that knew not where to procure a dinner the next. Having given you these hasty outlines of the aggregate, the time may probably arrive when I may make it a matter of convenience to trouble you with a characteristic delineation of individuals, if they should prove occasionally worthy your acceptance as matter of amusement to your readers. Your's,

*May* 20, 1802. T. W.

☞ The Clerical Sportsman, a character, in our next.

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## More Coursing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YORK HERALD.

MR. EDITOR,

IT seems to be either the pleasure or the misfortune of being supposed to have good dogs, that they are thought bound in honour to come out, when any one calls upon them, and who, wishing to try the speed of his own, chooses to send them a challenge. Such was repeatedly the case with my greyhound, Snowball; but, after having beat every dog that was brought against him, both from England and Scotland, I declared he never again should run a match in public. This declaration I shall keep. Mr. Hodgson may therefore challenge Snowball with perfect safety, as he is now otherwise engaged, and in a manner much more amusing to himself. But I have no objection to starting a descendant of Snowball, against Mr. Hodgson's dog, Dart, or any of the Dent breed he may have, his own property.

I will likewise accept his offer "of running three whelps of the breed

breed of the Dents, against three of the same age, descended from Snowball," and which certainly shall not have a cross of the Dent blood.

The Matches to be run over the open Wolds, during the Flixton Meeting, in November next; three Gentlemen to try the Course, and for such Plate, or Sum of Money, as may be agreed on by both parties.

Wishing "that they may all keep their legs, and the best take it," I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient humble servant,

THE OWNER OF SNOWBALL.

May 11, 1802.

P.S. Any further communications on the subject of the Matches, should they take place, may be addressed to the Owner himself.

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## TENNIS MATCH.

ON Saturday, May 1, at one o'clock, at the Royal Tennis Court, St. James's-street, was played a very famous match between the two best players in Europe, Monsieur Barcelon, a Parisian, and Mr. Cox, junior, of London, a youth of about twenty years of age. The superior skill and knowledge of the former, obliged him to give fifteen for two *bisques*. The party was made for One Hundred Guineas, the best in five sets. At starting, Mr. C. was considerably the favourite, allowance having been made for his progressive improvement, since the same match had been very closely contested about three months before, though Monsieur B. won it. Fortune soon, however, declared in favour of Monsieur B. and continued so, uninterruptedly, till the latter end of the third set, when the English Lion was thoroughly roused, and, though the odds were fifteen to one against Mr. C. yet such were the vigour and energy displayed by him, that he won that set in so masterly a manner, as again to become the favourite for the fourth. Monsieur B. then rallied, and overcame the modesty of youth; and, having gained in four, the fifth set of course was not played. The Prince was to have attended, but was absent from town. The *dedans* was crowded with amateurs, for whom places were as regularly kept as at the Theatres.

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## MAIL COACH MATCH.

ON Thursday, May 20, the London Mail, horsed by Mr. Land, of the New London Inn, Exeter, with four beautiful grey horses, and driven by Mr. Cave Browne, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, started (at the sound of the bugle) from St. Sydwell's, for a bet of Five Hundred Guineas, against the Plymouth Mail, horsed by Mr. Phillipps, of the Hotel, with four capital blacks, and driven by Mr. Chichester, of Arlington House, which got the Mail first to the Post-Office, in Honiton. The bet was won easy by Mr. Browne, who drove the sixteen miles in one hour and fourteen minutes.—Bets, at starting, six to four on Mr. Browne.—A very great concourse of people assembled on this occasion.

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## IMPERIAL RACES.

THE Grand National Race, it is expected, will take place this year. The jockies are to start from most of the great towns in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and ride to St. Stephen's post; as crossing and jostling is allowed, it is thought there will be excellent sport, many *thrown out* of their *seats:* many distanced, and much money lost.

MR.

## Mr. King, the Comedian, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

ON Monday night, May 24, this popular performer took his leave of the town, in his professional capacity, in the part of *Sir Peter Teazle*, in Mr. Sheridan's admirable comedy of the *School for Scandal*, which, considering his advanced years, and infirm health, he played extremely well.

After the ballet of the *Festival of Bacchus*, Mr. King came forward, attended by Mr. Charles Kemble, who kindly officiated as his prompter, lest, on such a trying occasion, his memory should accidentally fail him, while he delivered the following Address, written by Richard Cumberland, Esq.

Whilst in my heart those feelings yet survive,
That keep respect and gratitude alive.
Feelings, which tho' all others should decay,
Will be the last that time can bear away,
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And doom my own dramatic death this night.
Patrons farewell! though you still kindly my defects would spare,
Constant indulgence who would wish to bear?
Who that retains the sense of better days
Can sue for pardon, whilst he pants for praise?
On well-earn'd fame the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.
Your Fathers had my strength. My only claim
Was zeal, their favour was my only fame.
If late, too often when the whole was due
I've paid hard service to the Muse and you;
Not what I was, I now decline the field,
And ground those arms which I but feebly weild.
The Poet, nearly breathless, lame, or blind,
Whilst the Muse visits his creative mind,
Continues wearing his immortal wreath,
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death—
Whilst every chance that deals the passing blow,
Lays the poor Actor's short-liv'd trophies low;
That chance has come to me that comes to all,
My Drama done, I let the curtain fall.

As soon as Mr. King had made his bow, Mrs. Jordan came on the stage, and gracefully led him to the Green Room, which he found filled with all the performers. Mr. Dowton, after allowing Mr. King, a little breathing time, then came up and requested him take a cheerful draught out of a silver cup, which his brothers and sisters of the *Sock* and *Buskin*, begged him to do them the favour to accept as a trifling token of their regard and grateful remembrance of his merit as a comedian, and his uniform friendly conduct towards them all, during the many years he had continued to please the public before the curtain, and endear himself to them behind it. Mr. King, in a tone that expressed his feeling, declared the deep sense he should ever entertain of this most affectionate mark of their regard and esteem, and assured them, that if his health permitted, he should gratify himself with the pleasure of frequently coming among them. The cup was then handed round, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the Theatre, drank Mr. King's health.

The cup and salver to it, are most elegantly engraved. On the former is an inscription, signifying the cause and occasion of the present, with all the Performers names (contributors to it) engraved upon it; and on the base of it is the following motto, from a scene in the fifth Act of *Henry the Fifth*—

"If he be not fellow with the best King,
"Thou shalt find the best King of good fellows."

The salver, which was a noble one, was decorated richly, and had Mr. King's arms splendidly engraved in the centre.

The present, and the manner of it, does great credit to the performers of Drury-lane Theatre, and the profession in general.

The

## *The* Life, Adventures, *and* Opinions, *of* Col. George Hanger.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

THE reader, I hope, will pardon me now for taking a very long hop, step, and jump, over a period of above twelve years of my life, more replete with anecdotes, and fully as fluctuating in circumstances, as those years I have already described. For a narrative of those twelve interesting years, I must entreat their patience for a few months longer, until a third volume of my Life, Adventures, and Opinions, appear before the Public; for I find these pages swelling to such a great extent, that I am compelled hastily to conclude the volume, and approach that period when I surrendered as a prisoner to the marshal of the King's Bench prison, I am peculiarly anxious to relate my conduct when there, and the consequences which led me to suffer confinement. As I am neither ashamed or afraid of making known any thing I have done, the public shall be minutely informed of the particulars.

Prior to that circumstance taking place, it will be necessary briefly to narrate by what means I was reduced to ruin, after having got over all former difficulties; and had been blessed, not only with a comfortable, but an affluent annual income, which was much more than I had reason to expect I should have attained, after the various changes of fortune and poverty I had experienced.

For several years the East-India Company had done me the honour to employ me on the recruiting service, in this country, for their army in India. There was no salary attached to the employment: the more active my services were in behalf of the Honourable Company, the greater were my profits. I had brought this business to such perfection, that I never, any year after the first, made less than six hundred pounds profit. During the first year, I intrinsically lost five hundred pounds, which was expended to set this great machine going. After having once wound up this recruiting dial, it wanted but little regulating, which my subsequent successes and regularity proved. I had extended my communications so wide and general, that there was not a town in England, of consequence, in which I had not established a regular rendezvous. To my worthy and kind friends, Sir Stephen Lushington and Mr. Devaynes, I am indebted for this employment. At the death of Major Weldon, who had a warrant to recruit for the East-India Company, they recommended me to succeed him. With truth I may say, that, for several years, I occupied this employment to the satisfaction of the Honourable Company, and with credit to myself.

An unfortunate dispute between the Board of Controul, and the Directors of the Honourable East-India Company, took place, relative to the building of a barrack in this country to receive the East-India recruits prior to their being embarked for India. This system the India Directors opposed to a man, excepting the Chairman and Deputy Chairman. A long debate took place on this subject (at which I was present) in the public court-room, and a very great majority, by vote, threw out the plan for erecting barracks. The Board of Controul, after that question was carried by a very great majority of Proprietors against them, thought fit to change the whole system of recruiting for the

the Honourable Company's army in India, and gave them recruits from Chatham barracks. This put it out of the power of the Honourable Company to employ me any longer. Thus I lost a very comfortable maintenance. It was not the loss of six hundred pounds per annum (and I solemnly declare I never made less) that I had alone to lament; but, having the honour of being employed by the India Company, I was perfectly satisfied with my occupation, and judged it as a certain employment for life; and as such it was universally considered. The Honourable Company would never have discharged me from their service but in case of malpractices, which I trust they know I am incapable of committing. This certainty, as I looked on it, made me forego many other advantages. One, particularly beneficial, was proposd to me. A reputable army-agent, who, it is very well known, made near thirty thousand pounds in the business, proposed to me (he having a capital sufficient) to join with him in recruiting men for the new regiments which were going to be raised just at the breaking out of the war, and to be concerned together in a general agency-line. I could also have been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to a regiment of cavalry then raising on the Continent, which, since that period, has been established, and is now in full pay. These two objects did I relinquish: the first, from principles of honour; that, when employed by the Honourable the East-India Company, I could not engage to assist in recruiting for the line: as for the second, it was not worthy my attention to take an employment so inferior in point of emolument to the one I already possessed. I did not only suffer from losing an employment which brought me in annually above six hundred pounds; but I lost at least six years of exertion, expended to no permanent solid purpose hereafter; and, during such a space of time, an active mind, which, thanks to my God, I am endowed with! would, if this employment had not presented itself, have struck out some other equally as advantageous, and more to be relied on for its continuance; for, in so large a capital as London is, if a gentleman be not too proud to follow various occupations, he may very readily, and with not much trouble, find some employment which will prevent him from falling into the miseries of want; although the business he undertakes may not be of sufficient emolument to render his situaton affluent.

One misfortune seldom comes alone. Indeed I am convinced of it: and, my dear reader, have you not generally found it so?—I had also, for near four years, enjoyed a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, as Equerry to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; which salary the arrangements made by Parliament, relative to his Royal Highness's affairs, deprived me of, by the reduction of his household. Both these losses I sustained, and heavy ones they were; nay, they were the more distressing, because the one took place shortly after the other. Thus, reader, did I lose, suddenly and unexpectedly, an income of above nine hundred pounds per annum—all at once, as it may be said. The two above employments were surely most pleasant, and much to be envied; as the profits derived from the first sprang from an honest exertion in the service of the East-India Company; the emoluments derived from the second employment, were given me by a personage,

age, whom it was not only an honour, but a pleasure to serve. I have reason to complain bitterly of my misfortunes at this period of my life; for I am of opinion, there is no other instance of any person losing an income of nine hundred pounds a year, without having been guilty of some misconduct or malpractices; but it was my misfortune, that my pecuniary resources should be subjected to events, which could not be foreseen or avoided

[*To be continued.*]

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CURIOUS PARTICULARS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE REIN-DEER.

[From the Journal of a Gentleman, who resided sixteen years on the coast of Labrador.]

NOTWITHSTANDING Rein-Deer are naturally very wild and timorous, yet no creature is so soon, or so effectually tamed when young; but what they may be when caught afterward, I cannot tell. They not only grow very bold, but also shew great affection for such men and dogs as they take a liking to, and have a great spite against those who affront them. This deer of mine had its full liberty ever since the fourth day after it was caught (except a few nights confinement in the crib, lest the dogs should kill it when we were all asleep), but since that, it has constantly lain out. It is not the least alarmed at any noise, not even at the report of a gun fired close to it, but it is much terrified if any dogs run after, or even come near it, and any running of the people, instantly alarms it; but the moment all is quiet, it is so too. It will often go up to a dog, and smell to him: it is well acquainted with all mine, and will lie down by the fire among them. I believe they scarce ever sleep, for as much as I have watched this, I never could observe that it ever was asleep, or kept its eyes closed for more than two seconds at a time; and if I moved ever so little, it would start up. When I have lain down on the bed, at a time when it was lying on the floor, it would start up every five or six minutes, and come to see that I was not gone; and having licked my face, or sucked my neck-handkerchief a little, it would quietly lie down again. When at any time it lost me, it would run about grunting like a hog, and never rest until it had found me, when it would run up to me in full speed. Sometimes I have diverted myself with stooping and running, both after and from it, which pleased it much, and it would do the same, and frisk about in the same manner, as I have seen the wild calves, one among another; and I have likewise observed, that whenever it is frightened, it erects its tail, which at all other times hangs down. It is a mistaken notion, that they will not eat grass, or scarcely any thing but white moss; for they will eat every kind of vegetable, which this country naturally produces; alexander, and some few other things, excepted. Nor have I yet been able to discover, that any beast in this country would eat alexander, except black bears, which are very fond of it. Rein-Deer do not seem to relish grass much, yet I have seen mine eat a little, and it generally preferred the coarsest kinds. I have observed, that in the latter end of April, and in the month of May, the wild ones eat little else beside dry grass and wild rye, which then appear through the snow. They affect great variety in their food, while things are in a growing

a growing state; preferring the youngest and most juicy. This caused them to vary their food every month, and also several times in the same day, according as it is moist or dry; rejecting now what an hour ago they preferred to every thing else. The leaves of the dogberry bush, when young, and a tender plant which grows by the hill sides on moist grounds, resembling coss-lettuce; as also a succulent, aquatic plant, which grows in ponds; all these they devour greedily. There is a small pond near this house, which is full of the latter, and this deer of nine has eat it close down to the water. I think I have seen the same kind of plant in the Highlands of Scotland, and is what they use there in their beer, instead of hops. They also delight to eat the young leaves of most sort of trees and shrubs, which have not a resinous juice; particularly the willow. But I have known them eat the outer shoots of the black spruce in the winter time, though but sparingly. I most wonder they are not fond of vetches, which grow in great abundance here. I have often tracked the wild ones through large beds of them, without observing that they cropped any; yet I have seen mine eat a few sometimes. This will eat a little of the crumb of soft bread, but scarcely touch the crust or biscuit, but that may be owing to the tenderness of its tooth. Pudding and boiled potatoes, it is very fond of, but will not eat the latter raw. It will also eat boiled salt meat. They are very sure-footed, for they will run along shore, over sharp rough rocks, or smooth, round, loose stones, without ever stumbling or slipping; but on smooth ice, they can with difficulty stand. They are beautifully made, are as straight limbed, and have nearly the same shape as the horse, only not so good a neck. They walk, trot, and gallop, in the same manner; and no old hunter will take either a flying or standing leap with more grace or judgment, than my young deer will now. They have great strength, and are remarkably active, which renders them very useful in a sledge. They go very wide behind, are fearless of their road, and will swim with most extraordinary swiftness, to a prodigious distance. I am certain they will swim more than five miles an hour, and I verily believe six. The stags have a deal more courage than the hinds, and those hinds which have calves, have less than the dry ones. When they hear a noise, or if they see a man stand perfectly still, their curiosity will often tempt them to make out the object, a curiosity which I have known prove fatal to them; for they will frequently gallop, or trot, down within sixty or a hundred yards, and there stand and gaze for the space of a minute or two; when they are satisfied, they run off, and generally sink their wind to be informed of a pursuit. In winter, they most commonly go several miles before they rest. If pursued by a dog, they husband their speed and wind surprisingly; for they will suffer their pursuer to come by degrees within a few yards of them, but no nearer, if they can prevent it. They will then continue to run at this rate, until he is tired; and as soon as he stops, they will do so too, and turn about and look at him; after which, they will go leisurely on, but often stop to look back. If they are upon ice, where there is much snow, they will not quit it for the barren hills. When pursued in the summer time, they

always

always make for the nearest water, in which no land animal has the least chance with them. If their enemy comes up with them, they defend themselves with their horns and hind feet; and are so strong and active, that a fair stroke with either, generally proves fatal to wolf or dog, if the deer be an old one.

I have often eat of various kinds of venison, and in different countries; but I think none equal to that of the Rein-Deer, when in proper season.

From the observations which mine has given me opportunities to make, I am of opinion that there are many parts of England where they would live and thrive well, but I do not think they would exist in such parks, as produce nothing but fine grass. It is a matter of curiosity and surprise, that the male Rein-Deer should so soon lose their horns, after they come to perfection; and that nature should deprive them of the means of defence, at the very time when they appear most to stand in need of them, to defend themselves from the wolves, and that it should be so long before the new ones appear. As they can swim faster and longer than, I believe, any other land animal; and all the different countries in which they are found, being full of ponds and rivers, they preserve themselves in summer from the ravenous jaws of the wolves, by taking the water. Did they not mew (cast their horns) till April, they would then not only oftentimes find water to fly to, but the bitch wolves being at that season big with whelp, the dogs weak, and the snow very rotten, they would not then be in so much danger, as between December and that time.

## Proposals for an Improvement in Youthful Amusement and Exercise.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Think you will agree with me, that those exercises and diversions which have a tendency to strengthen the body, and give a manly and courageous turn to the mind, cannot be too much varied in the instance of boys. Among the ancients, they constituted a main part of what they understood by the word education. In all the large schools throughout the kingdom, there are several diversions of this kind, such as foot-ball, cricket, fencing; and to these has been very properly added of late years, the military exercise.

I should like to see the ancient practice of throwing the spear, or javelin, and parrying and defending, with a large shield, revived. In this exercise, both arms are alternately employed, by which the chest is duly expanded, and the intention is kept alive by the necessity of watching the antagonist's throw, for the purpose of warding off his spear. Thus, a keenness of sight, and a dexterity of action, are insensibly acquired, and the whole constitution of body and mind is brought into play.

The bow and arrow is a dangerous exercise among boys, nor does it afford such scope for action and address, as the game of jaculation.

We could wish to see some specimens of shields and javelins, suited to the different ages and strength of boys, in the toy-shops of the metropolis.

Gymnastes.

FLIXTON

## FLIXTON MEETING.

[We have been favoured with this Article from Colonel Thornton, and with it a Song upon the occasion, which see in our Poetical Department. We have promises likewise from the same Gentleman, of Drawings, &c. for future Engravings.]

THE capriciousness of the elements made it absolutely necessary to postpone the Flixton Meeting:—however, the weather at length became favourable, and the season commenced Feb. 24, 1802, as follows:

*Wednesday, Feb. 24.*

1st Match. Colonel Thornton's Czarina, or Comet, for legs, feet, and shape, against any dog that Mr. Swinson should produce, for 10gs, giving him the power to produce any dog in England, to be decided by Major Topham.—Czarina received forfeit.

2. Lord Grey de Ruthyn to produce two South Country Greyhounds against a Flixton Hare, to be shown by Colonel Thornton, for 10gs—after a very severe course, Lord Grey lost.

3. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs—Undecided.

4. Major Topham's Blacksmith, against Mr. Trapps' Honest John Smith, (whelps) for 5gs—Undecided.

5. Mr. Smith's Phantasmagoria against Major Topham's Young Snowball, 2 yrs old, for 5gs—Snowball won.

6. Colonel Thornton's Alicia against Major Topham's Toy, (own sisters) both 3 yrs old, for 10gs—Alicia won.

7. Mr. Leslie's Dent against Major Topham's Ambrosia, for 10gs—after a most capital course it was decided in favour of Ambrosia.

8. Mr. Percival's Rainham against Major Topham's Toy, 3 yrs old, 5gs—Toy won.

9. Colonel Thornton's Juno against Mr. Wilson's Ghost, (whelps) for 5gs—Juno won.

10. Mr. Percival's Spanker against Mr. Parkhurst's Dart, 3 yrs old for 5gs—Spanker won.

11. Mr. Wilson's blue whelp against Mr. Trapps' whelp, General le Brune, for 1g—General won.

*Thursday, Feb. 25.*

1. Colonel Thornton's Anne, 5 yrs old, against Captain Barlow's Bell, 2 yrs old—Undecided.

2. Colonel Thornton's blue whelp, Thornville against Mr. Percival's Spanker, 3 yrs old, for 5gs—after a very fine course, decided in favour of Thornville.

3. Lord Grey de Ruthyn's Phœnix against Major Topham's Rodney, for a Silver Cup—Rodney won.

4. Colonel Thornton's Claret against Mr. Wilson's Old Port, (both whelps) for 2gs—Claret won.

5. Lord Grey's Gill against Major Topham's Witch, for 5gs—Gill won.

6. Lord Grey's Phœnix against Major Topham's Rodney, for a Silver Cup—after a very capital course it was given in favour of Phœnix.

7. Major Topham's black dog, Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Parkhurst's Welter, for 5gs.

8. Major Topham's Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Smith's Witch, for 2gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's bitch, Comet, beat Mr. Percival's black bitch, for 5gs.

10. Mr. Trapps' General le Brune against Major Topham's Duke of York, for 5gs—Undecided.

Friday,

*Friday, Feb. 26—A Bye Day.*

Colonel Thornton named Czarian, 11 yrs old, and Paramount named by Mr. Smith, started for a piece of Plate:—A Hare was found by Lord Grey below Colonel Thornton's house:—This course was a most remarkable one, Czarina gave the two first turns, and Paramount the two next; they each then took their turns, and little advantage was gained by either in the running of three miles; in the fourth, Paramount lost a little ground, and Czarina coated the Hare three times; at the end of the fourth mile, Paramount lay drawn, and Czarina still ran with great spirit, across Major Topham's sheep-walk, for a mile further, turning the Hare four or five times, which with great difficulty got into Major Topham's plantation, 2gs—Czarina won.—Such a course was never seen.

2. Mr. Smith named Colonel Thornton's Alicia against Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, for 10gs—after a very fine course of four miles, Phantasmagoria won.

3. Colonel Thornton's Notail (after a course of three miles) beat Mr. Leslie's Duke of York, for 2gs.

4. Colonel Thornton's Newmarket (after a course of four miles) beat his black Lincolnshire bitch named by Mr. Smith, for 2gs.

5. Colonel Thornton's Catch, a whelp, (after a course of near four miles) beat Notail 4 yrs old, named by Sir Thomas Wallace, for 2gs.

This was supposed to be the best day's sport ever known at Flixton.

*Saturday, Feb. 27.*

1. Percival's black bitch against Colonel Thornton's Ann, for 2gs—Undecided.

2. Lord Grey's Gill against Major Topham's Witch, for a piece of plate—Gill won.

3. Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith (a whelp) against Mr. Wilson's whelp, for 3gs—Honest John won.

4. Mr. Parkhurst's Welter against Major Topham's Snowdrop, for a piece of plate—Snowdrop won.

5. Sir Thomas Wallace named Phantasmagoria against Major Topham's Ambrosia, for two Silver Scollop Shells—Phantasmagoria won very easy.

6. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs—Undecided.

7. Colonel Thornton's General le Brune against Mr. Leslie's Duke of York, (late Conspirator) for 2gs—was expected to have made a very good race—General le Brune won very easy.

8. Lord Grey's white bitch, Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 5gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's Blue Dog, beat Mr. Parkhurst's Maltonian Flyer, for 5gs.

The Hares ran so uncommonly stout, that only two were killed, and both by Snowdrop, who afterwards ran a sweepstake.

Sweepstakes for a Cup.—Mr. Trapps' Notail, Mr. Leslie's Duke of York Major Topham's Snowdrop, Mr. Wilson's Newmarket, (bred by Mr. Dashwood) and Colonel Thornton's Blue Whelp, Mr. Thingamdetoy, (brother to Thornville)—In this race, Thingamdetoy leaped twice over a dog, turned the hare, served himself, and won the Cup.

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*Monday, March 1.*

A high wind;—not out.

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*Tuesday, March 2.*

1. Major Topham's Witch, against Lord Grey's Phœnix, for 2gs—Undecided.

2. Mr. Percival's Rainham against

against Mr. Smith's Lady, for 2gs —Undecided.

3 Major Topham's Rodney beat Mr. Smith's Snowdrop, for 2gs.

4. Mr. Percival's Mouse beat Captain Barlow's Bell, for 2gs.

5. Major Topham's Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Henry Boynton's Toy, 5 yrs old, for 2gs.

6. Major Topham's black dog, Young Snowball, agst Colonel Thornton's Alicia, for 20gs.—Undecided.

Old Snowball ran a course (gratis) this day, and showed, in a rate of nearly three miles, superiority.

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*Wednesday, March 3.*

1 Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, against Mr. Percival's Sultan, for 2gs.—Undecided.

2. Lord Grey's Gill, against Mr. Parkhurst's Lady, for 2gs.—Undecided.

3. Colonel Thornton's Alicia (late Dent) against Major Topham's Young Snowball, for 5gs.—Undecided.

4. Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, beat Major Topham's Rodney (late Mr. Foord's) for 50gs—after a charming course.

5. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs.—Undecided.

6. Major Topham's Old Snowball (after a very uncommon course of four miles) beat Lord Grey's Phœnix, for a piece of Plate.

7. Mr. Parkhurst's Welter, beat Major Topham's Toy, for a piece of Plate.

On this day, Sir Francis Boynton bought of Colonel Thornton his bitch Alicia, for 30gs, and matched her for 150gs against the Colonel's blue whelp, Thornville, at the next Flixton Meeting in November.

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*Thursday, March 4.*

1. Colonel Thornton's Ann, beat Mr. Percival's black bitch, for 2gs.

2. Sweepstakes for a Gold Cup, run for by six winners, for the first turn.—The hare was found on the very finest and hardest part on the whole Wolds, and 200 yards law given.—After a most severe course of two miles, though the hare frequently bended, yet the judge could not decide upon any turn;—after running another mile, the hare was killed. All the dogs on this occasion seemed run so close, that scarcely any pre-eminence could be given in the whole course.—Colonel Thornton's Thornville (a blue whelp by Major, and out of Catgut, sister to Czarina); Lord Grey's Rainham (a present from Mr. Percival), Mr. Parkhurst's Welter; Sir Thomas Wallace, named Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria; Mr. Trapps, named Colonel Thornton's Blue Whelp, Mr. Thingamdetoy (brother to Thornville); and Major Topham's Witch.

3. Lord Grey's Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 2gs.

4. Colonel Thornton named his Major against Lord Grey, who named Phantasmagoria, for 2gs.—Major won.

5. Mr. Leslie's Newmarket dogs against the hare, with Colonel Thornton, for 1g.—The dog lost.

6. Sir Francis Boynton's famous Dent, beat Colonel Thornton's Spanker, for 2gs.

7. Lord Grey's Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 1g.

8. Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, beat Major Topham's Blacksmith, for 5gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's Major, 8 years old (who had been lame), a trial against Phantasmagoria, 2 years old.—Major shewed uncommon speed, and won.

10. Colonel Thornton's Czarina, 11 years old (sister to Claret) a trial

a trial against Paramount.—Czarina won.

11. Mr. Leslie's Newmarket dogs against the hare, for 1g.—The hare beat.

12. Colonel Thornton's Major, a trial against Paramount, both 8 years old; after a very fine course, Major won, and was decided, even at his age, to have more speed than any dog produced.

FORFEITS PAID.

Mr. Peter Wilson bets Colonel Thornton 20gs. that his red dog, Fly, beats Colonel Thornton's Alicia, one of the Dents, at the next Flixton Meeting.—Mr. Wilson forfeited.

Colonel Thornton bets Mr. Peter Wilson, and the Confederacy, 500gs. that Major, beats his dog Dart, the last day of the next Flixton Meeting; a hogshead of claret forfeit.—Major received forfeit.

In one course during the meeting, every horse in the field was so knocked up, that not one could make out more than a trot.—The course was supposed to be over five miles of ground, and at last the hare ran the dogs out of sight.

During the meeting, Colonel Thornton had a large party of friends at Falconer's-Hall, and contributed much to the amusement of the week, by his hospitalities.

The Flixton Meeting, in future, is to be limited to three days of public coursing.—The last day to close with a Cup for the winning dogs, and a challenge has been given from it, to run All England over the Flixton Wold.

By the different trials, it appeared clear, that Czarina was the best greyhound ever seen at her age; that Major was the next best; and that the Dents, or Yorkshire blood, are good for nothing. That Major Topham has spoilt the Snowball blood, by crossing with the Yorkshire blood, literally *curs.*

EXTRA COURSING.

A challenge, it is said, has been sent by Mr. Durand (the owner of Bellissima), to produce a greyhound to run any of the Snowballs (home and home) for 1000gs.—This may be considered as the largest stake ever offered on a match of greyhounds.

MATCHES FOR THE NEXT MEETING—NOV. 1802.

Colonel Thornton's Thornville against Sir Francis Boynton's Alicia, late Dent's, for 250gs. p. p.

Sir Martin Stapleton's Fly, against Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, for 20gs.

Sir Martin Stapleton's yellow and white dog, against Colonel Thornton's Thornville, for 3gs.

Sir Martin Stapleton's Smoker, against Col. Thornton's Spanker, for 3gs.

Sir Martin Stapleton's Smoker, against Colonel Thornton's Ghost, for 3gs.

Major Topham to produce four whelps, the produce of two of his bitches, against the same number, the produce of Colonel Thornton's Anne and Catgutt, for 5gs. each, at the next meeting.

Two whelps, the produce of Major Topham's Toy, against two whelps, the produce of Mr. Parkhurst's Bell, for 5gs. each.

Colonel Thornton offered to accept the offer said to have been made by Mr. Durand, for 1000 or 5000 guineas, but was declined by Mr. Durand.

Colonel Thornton's Major, agst. Mr. Durand's Maiden—to run near Epsom, in the course of next season, for 1000gs. half forfeit.

Printed by Order of
THOMAS THORNTON,
PL. PRESIDENT.

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GREYHOUNDS will ward BITCHES, at Thornville Royal, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

At Seven Guineas—Major, by Claret, dam the Berkshire bitch. Claret, by young Blue Jupiter, dam Old Blue Jupiter, by Whebly, out of Cublon, bred by George III.

At Five Guineas—Paramount and Phantasmagoria.

At Five Guineas—That beautiful blue dog, Javelin, by Javelin, son of Old Blue Jupiter, and out of Nimble by Smoker, and out of Margaret—and all to pay a Crown to the Keeper.

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## A QUACK'S MEDITATION ON FIRST ENTERING INTO BUSINESS.

I Was in my youth, a chimney-sweeper, next a scavenger, and now I am a tinker, or a mender of kettles; this is as much a-kin to medicine, as shoe-making is to divinity. My brother, the cobler, has made a decent livelihood, by turning from mending of soles to converting of souls; he is a methodist preacher, and why should not I ride in my coach? I have no mountebank, to be sure, but I can circulate hand-bills.

In London alone, there are a million of people; if one dies in seven years, there are many ill before this comes; I may reckon twenty-five thousand at least. Now, if my hand-bill reaches one in a thousand, and this one should buy a guinea's worth of my stuff, this would give me two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Still this is reckoning too fast; for there are so many who would despise my aukwardness, lies, &c. so many friends of dead people, who tell tales, and so many regular doctors into the bargain, in London, that I must look to the country. There I find fifteen millions of people, and there my stuff will sell as well as in town, if not better, not needing to see the folks. And as I now live mostly upon salt fish, onions, &c. I will follow my trade for a time, and advertise more and more, as I get forward: and then the odds must be much against me, if, with the King's Arms, Authority of Parliament, Extracts from the Gazettes, &c. I don't ride in my coach at last.

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*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are entitled to the thanks of the Sporting World, for your impartial review of the literary controversy between the Coursing Opponents of the Northern and South counties of the kingdom; but as neither the blustering superficial challenge of one, or the modest, candid, and sportsman-like offer of the other, has been accepted, I solicit permission, through the medium of your appropriate vehicle, to make a few remarks upon the publicity of that transaction. A total stranger to the parties, without the least clue by which I may be guided to even a conjecture of the individuals, I believe I may venture to affirm it the opinion of almost every Sportsman in the kingdom, that the North Country Gentleman "was afraid, and therein the wiser;" but

but should he (as school-boys sometimes do at a leap) take fresh fees, and feel himself sufficiently valiant to renew the contest, there cannot be wanting Sporting characters in abundance, who will run the North Country Greyhounds *home* and *home* (in conformity with the sporting and gentlemanlike proposition of " Old Soho,") for any sum their abettors may feel inclined to propose.

The pompous and repeated puffings of the " Flixton Wolds," forcibly reminds one of the satiric remark of the *modest* Hibernians to an Englishman in Dublin, if, by chance, he lets fall a word in favour of " Poor Old England," when they instantly exclaim, " Arrah by my soul, and the hills are green a great way off."

Not to enlarge unnecessarily upon the subject, it must suffice to say, the original puff, and the subsequent challenge, certainly excited not only a great deal of curiosity, but a general wish, that a match should take place; if which had been the case, there can be no doubt but as much money would have been sported (upon the general event) as ever was betted upon any one spirited contest in the kingdom. If, however, the report is a fact, that Mr. Durand has challenged " to run any of the *Snowballs home* and *home* for a thousand guineas," and such challenge is not accepted, it will lay at rest the imaginary superiority of the Flixton Wold Greyhounds, and we shall hear of no more boasting from the *high blood of the Bobadils.*

Your constant reader,
Master Stephen.

Cob's House, May Day.

## Amusements of the Palais Royal.

In a Letter to a Friend.

" YOU know the history of this far-famed palace: its original structure and destination, by Cardinal Richelieu, its descent through two successive monarchs to the last proprietor, the Duke of Orleans, whose conversion of it its present destination afforded, at once, the means of indulging his incredible extravagance, and gratifying his inordinate avarice. I think I have heard you say, that you have read that most animated, and most excellent description of the Palais-royal, which is inserted in one of the volumes of the Varieties of Literature: it often recurred to my memory, when I witnessed the busy bustling scene which is there depicted with such fidelity and colouring. Let a man walk under these arcade at any hour of the day, and he will never want food, either for meditation or amusement: but the Palais-royal exhibits a scene of peculiar interest in the evening. B. whom, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met the other morning on the Pont-neuf, and who gave us his company to dinner at our hotel, persuaded us to leave our fire-side, and take a lounge in the Palais-royal: the shape of the building you know, is that of a parallelogram, which incloses a large garden, whose well-gravelled walks afford a fine view of the edifice. It was about half after seven when we entered by the *Rue de Lycée*: at this end of the Palais is a double piazza, with two rows of shops reaching from one extremity to the other; so crowded were these promenades with *ladies*, and loungers of every description, that, by common

mon consent, the 'law of the road' was as strictly preserved, as it is in the streets of London by the Hackney-coachmen! To have disturbed this easy, well-regulated flow, would have been extremely rude; and I almost question whether the tide would not have carried any little bark away which had attempted to resist it.

"Though the other colonnades were also crowded, ambulation was not so difficult as here; and we had abundant opportunity to admire, as well the peculiar elegance with which the rival shop-keepers had lighted up their little cabinets of *bijouterie*, as the splendour and magnificence produced by the general illumination of the whole. After we had gratified our curiosity, and scattered as many looks as it was lawful for us married men on the full unshaded beauties of the deep-bosomed damsels who tread this fairy ground, our friend B——, whose long residence here has made him perfectly familiar with the manners and amusements of the people, proposed to shew us the gaming-houses and subterranean gaieties of the Palais-royal. He had scarcely spoken, when the immiscible sounds of ill-tuned instruments, and shrill piercing voices assailed our ears; a sort of Sirоc-cogleam, composed of innumerable breathings, rising upon us at the same time, sufficiently indicated that there was "High Life below Stairs." We descended into a large room, whose ceiling, walls, and decorations, counterfeit Arcadian scenery; the pillars which supported the roof represent the knotty trunks of venerable trees, whose tortuous branches, intertwisting with each other, "o'ercanopy the glade." Tityrus, or more probably some Grecian shepherd, is seen lying at his length under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree in the wall, cooled by a stationary stream, and watching, with untired eye, the never-ending antics of the kids and lambkins that surround him. The company is not unappropriate to the scenery; Pan is here with his pipe, and many a Satyr peeps through the mimic foliage at the careless unveiled nymphs who trip, with fantastic toe, across the "velvet green." These shepherds and shepherdesses, I assure you, live not upon the unsubstantial food of love alone: they have very good appetites, believe me: many of them did I see amusing themselves with a dish of *petits-pâtés*, a bason of soup, and a fine plump *poulet*; beakers of Bourdeaux and Burgundy were filled with a generous hand, and, to my great surprise, did I often inhale the odour of hot rum punch!

"The gaming-tables are in a different quarter of the Palais-royal: we ascended a staircase, and opened the door of an anti-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great coats, carefully ticketed, were arranged, under the charge of two or three old men, who receive either one or two *sous*, I forget which, from every owner, for the safe delivery of his precious deposit. No dogs are admitted into these sacred apartments, nor any thing which is likely to disturb the deep attention and holy quiet which pervade them! From this anti-chamber we opened a folding door, which introduced to a large, well-lighted room, in the centre of which was a table, surrounded, at a moderate estimate, by two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons, anxiously inspecting a game, which it was not likely that any of our party should know the name of. We proceeded to another room; another succeeded that;

that; and yet another; a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. We omitted to reckon the number of the rooms, and therefore, to avoid exaggeration, we will stop here; but I am inclined to believe there are more than six; all of which communicated with each other, and were equally well attended with the first. Different games were pursuing, all strange to us unfashionable folks: a few females, mixed with this wretched crowd, were seated at the table, and engaged in the game.

"These tables are licensed by government—pay to it a considerable sum of money—and are, I understand, under its immediate inspection: they are excellently regulated: ready cash passes from the loser to the winner, and differences appear to be decided by appointed referrees, who sit at the table, invested with what we conjecture to be the *insignia* of office; namely, short wooden instruments, shaped like a garden hoe, and which seem to collect the twelve-livre pieces which are scattered over the table.

"There is one very curious condition imposed upon the holders of these gaming-tables; they are obliged to furnish every body who enters any of the rooms, with as much table-beer as they choose to call for. Waiters are, therefore, perpetually running backwards and forwards with overflowing tumblers of this refreshing beverage; six or seven crowded on a tray; and he is not merely a polite man, but a fortunate one, who adheres strictly to the good old-fashioned rule, "Drink what you please, but *pocket* none." Beer to an Englishman in Paris, to me at least, is nectar: I had tasted none since we left Dover; and, although the glasses had received the homage of a hundred lips, it was impossible to resist the temptation: taking all possible care, therefore, to avoid all extraneous matter, I ventured to indulge my inclination, and am now ready to certify, before any magistrate, that the water of the Seine makes as good beer as the water of the Thames.

"From these licensed tables we visited many scenes of unsanctioned dissipation, in divers subterranean chambers, where the game of billiards was dexterously played; two or three tables appear to be well attended in every room; it really makes one's heart bleed to see so many beardless youths as there are here, and lovely females, hastening on the road to ruin! But at the Palais-royal one sees all the world in yellow, blue, and green, to use poor Yorick's words, "running at the ring of pleasure. The old, with broken lances, and in helmets which have lost their vizards—the young, in armour bright, which shines like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the East—all, all tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love."

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## A Nicety in Betting.

A FEW days since, a farmer, near Cambridge, called upon another farmer, in a village near Newmarket, to buy two cows, which were in calf: the seller asked thirty pounds for them; the buyer bid him twenty-eight pounds, when they split the difference, and twenty-nine pounds was the purchase-money.—In conversation afterwards, each thought himself wrong, and agreed to make the purchase at four shillings per stone, alive; when taken to the weighing machine, the cows weighed one hundred

hundred and forty-six stone, which came to Twenty-nine Pounds Four Shillings.—It was conjectured by the farmer that had the cows been driven round the yard a few times, it might have been a dead heat. Such is the perfection acquired in the knowledge of farming stock!

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## Anecdote of the Temple Clock.

SOME years ago a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple Hall; when finished, the clock-maker was desired to wait on the Benchers of the Temple, who would think of a suitable motto to be put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old Benchers were met in the Temple Hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto; one of the Benchers, who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserted it at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," and placed it on the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the Benchers, who, upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than any they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go about their business.

## Mary Queen of Scots, and her Dog.

Letter from Mr. Penneck, of the British Museum, to the Earl of Buchan, with an Extract from the Harleian MS. relative to the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

.... "THE said eighth day of Februarie being come, and the place appointed for the execution aforesaid, the Queene of Scottes, being of stature tall, of body corpulent, round shouldered, her face fatt and broad, double-chinned and hazell eyed, her borrowed haire aburne, her attire was this: on her head she had a dressing of lawne edged with bonelace, a pomander chaine and an Agnus Dei about her neck, a crucifixe in her hande, a paire of beades at her girdle, with a golden cross at the end of them, a veyle of lawne fastened to her caule, bowed out with wyer, and edged round about with bonelace, her gowne was of black sattin printed, with a train and long sleeves to the ground, sett with acrone, buttons of jett trimed with pearle, and short sleeves of sattin black cutt, with a paire of sleeves of purple velvett whole under them; her kirtle whole of figured black sattin, her petticote, upperbody unlaced in the backe, of chrymson sattin, and her petticote skirts of chrymson velvet, her shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward, a paire of greene silke garters, her nether stockinge worsted, couloured watchet, clocked with silver, and edged on the top with silver, and next her legge a paire of jerzie hose, white ....."

My Lord, the above is transcribed from the account of Queen Mary's execution, which is as exact as it is curious. I shall only add,

add, as a particular friend to the brute creation, an anecdote, for which, I hope, your Lordship will excuse ······ "Then one of the executioners putting off her garters, espied her little dogge, which was under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, and afterwards would not depart from her dead corpse, but came and laie between her head and shoulders, (a thing diligentlie noted) the same dogge being imbrued with her blood, was carried away and washed," &c. &c.

I have the honour of being, my Lord, with great esteem and affection, your faithful and humble servant, R. PENNECK.

British Museum, June 18, 1767.

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## STALLIONS TO COVER THIS SEASON.

AT Mr. Hutchinson's, Shipton, Yorkshire, Beningbrough, at 6gs and a crown; and Zachariah, own brother to Beningbrough, at 3gs and a crown.

At Newmarket, Buzzard, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Charles Day's, Barrow's Brook, Gloucestershire, Caustic, at 2gs and 5s each mare; and Fortunio, at 2gs and 5s.

At Whatley House, Somersetshire, Chigwell, at 1g a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Newmarket, Coriander, at 5gs each mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Haynes's Livery Stables, London, Don Quixotte, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom; Dungannon, at 12gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom; Volunteer, at 12gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and Sir Harry, son of Sir Peter Teazle, at 5s. and 10s. 6d.

At Oatlands, Surry, Gouty, at 5gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Hornsey's, Middlethorpe, near York, Hambletonian, at 10gs and 10s. 6d. each mare; Patriot, at 5gs and 5s. each mare; Shuttle, at 5gs blood mares, and 2gs and 5s. country mares.

At Lower Tooting, Surry, His Lordship, the gold-coloured horse, at 3gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, Hollyhock, the beautiful brown horse, at 2gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Bishop Burton, near Beverley, and Market Weighton, Yorkshire, Idris, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Figdale, Cheshire, John Bull, at 15gs, and 1g the groom; Alexander, at 10gs, and 1g. the groom; and Meteor, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

At the Duke of Beaufort's, Badminton, Gloucestershire, Lop, the beautiful grey horse, at 1g a mare.

At Mistley Hall, in Essex, Magic, at 3gs a mare, and 5s.

At Chichester, Sussex, Microscope, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Renishaw, Derbyshire, Moorcock, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Duxbury, Lancashire, Mr. Teazle, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Morland's, Walthamstow, Oscar, at 6gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Aldenham, Herts, Pegasus, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Christian Malford, Wilts, Petworth, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Patshull, in the county of Stafford, the Pigot Grey Arabian, at 2gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Walton, Bucks, Repeator, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At

At Empingham, Lincolnshire, Schedoni, at 5gs the mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Knowsley, near Prescot, Sir Peter Teazle, at 10gs each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Moston Hall, Cheshire, Soldier, at 5gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Carr House, near Doncaster, Stamford, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Faringdon, Berkshire, Stickler, at 3gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Bott's, at Totteridge, Herts, Totteridge, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and, at the same place, Brush, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, Trumpator, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Lewes, in Sussex, Waxy, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom,

At Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, Whiskey, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Newmarket, Worthy, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Woodhay, Berks, Young Eclipse, at 20gs a mare, and 10s 6d. the groom; and a beautiful Grey Horse, at 1g a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

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## PROCLAMATION OF PEACE—AN AUTHENTIC DOCUMENT.

Although the King's Proclamation may not, in any way, come within what is called SPORTING, yet, as the Actors in that Ceremony were chiefly mounted on Horses, many of them richly decorated and comparisoned, we deem the subject not wholly unfit for our Publication. We give it likewise on another account, namely, because it is not a random description of the Ceremony, but is taken from the Copy published by order of Government, in the London Gazette, of Tuesday, May the 4th.

### CEREMONY OF THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE ON THE 29TH APRIL, 1802.

GEORGE R.

OUR will and pleasure is, that you give immediate directions to the Heralds, Pursuivants, and other necessary Officers, to attend the Proclamation of Peace that is to be made on Thursday next, the Twenty-ninth day of April, in the usual places, and with the solemnities customary on the like occasion; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at Our Court at St. James's, the Twenty-sixth day of April, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Two, in the Forty-second Year of Our Reign. By his Majesty's Command,

PELHAM.

To Our Right Trusty and Right Entirely beloved Cousin Charles Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and Our Hereditary Marshal of England; and, in his Absence, to the Principal Officers of Arms.

### ST. JAMES'S, APRIL 29, 1802.

The Officers of Arms; Serjeants at Arms, with their maces and collars; the Serjeant-Trumpeter with his mace and collar; the Trumpets, Drum-Major, and Drums; and the Knight Marshal, and Knight Marshal's men, assembled this day, at Half past Ten o'Clock in the forenoon,

noon, in the Stable-yard, St. James's; and the Officer of Arms, being habited in their respective tabards, and mounted, a procession was made, at Twelve o'Clock, from thence to the Palace-Gate, where George Harrison, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, read his Majesty's Proclamation of Peace; which being done, a procession was made to Charing-cross, in the following order; viz.

A Party of Life Guards, to clear the way.
Beadles of Westminster, Two and Two, with Staves.
Constables of Westminster, in like Manner.
High Constable, on Horseback, with his Staff.
Officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster, on Horseback, with White Wands.
High Bailiff and Deputy Steward, on Horseback.
Three Knight Marshal's men, Bearers of the Verge, with Maces.
Eight Knight Marshal's Men, Two and Two.
Sir J. Bland Burges, Bart. Knight Marshal, on Horseback, with his Baton.
Drums.
Drum Major.
Trumpets.
Serjeant Trumpeter, in his Collar, with his Mace.
Francis Martin, Gent.
Blue Mantle Pursuivant.

Life Guards who flanked the Procession.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | James Cathrow, Gent. | Joseph Hawker, Gent. | |
| | Rouge Dragon Pursuivant. | Rouge Croix Pursuivant. | |
| Serj. at Arms. | G. Nayler, Esq. York Herald. | J. Atkinson, Esq. Somerset Herald. | Serj. at Arms. |
| Serj. at Arms. | E. Lodge, Esq. Lancaster Herald. | G. M. Leake, Esq. Chester Herald. | Serj. at Arms. |
| Serj. at Arms. | F. Townsend, Esq. Windsor Herald. | R. Bigland, Esq. Richmond Herald. | Serj. at Arms. |

Life Guards who flanked the Procession.

Norroy King of Arms,
between Two Serjeants at Arms,
A Party of Life Guards.

At Charing-Cross, Richmond Herald read the Proclamation aloud; and the Procession moved on, in the same order, to Temple-Bar; the Gates of which being shut, Blue Mantle Pursuivant of Arms left the procession; and, accompanied by Two Trumpets, preceded by Two Life Guards to clear the way, rode up to the Gates, and, after the Trumpets had sounded thrice, he knocked with his cane. Being asked by the City Marshal from within, "Who comes there?" he replied, "the Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City to publish His Majesty's Proclamation of Peace." The Gates being opened, he was admitted alone, and the Gates were immediately shut again. The City Marshal, preceded by his Officers, conducted him to the Lord Mayor, (who was on horseback, and, with the Aldermen, Recorder, and Sheriffs, attended within the Gate) to whom he shewed His Majesty's Warrant, which his Lordship having read, returned; and gave directions to the City

City Marshal to open the Gates, who, attending the Pursuivant back, opened them accordingly, and, on leaving him, said, "Sir, the Gates are open." The Trumpets and Life Guards being in waiting, conducted him to his place in the Procession, which then moved on into the City, except the Officers of Westminster, who filed off and retired as they came to Temple-Bar. At the end of Chancery-lane, Windsor Herald read the Proclamation. Then the Lord Mayor, with the City Officers, joined the Procession, immediately after the Officers of Arms, in the following Order; viz.

Life Guards, in single File.

Four Constables.<br>
Six Marshal's Men, Three and Three, on Foot.<br>
Six Trumpets, Three and Three.<br>
Band of Music.<br>
The Two City Marshals, on Horseback.

| Sheriffs' Officers on Foot | The Two Sheriffs, on Horseback. | Sheriffs' Officers on Foot |
|---|---|---|

Sword and Mace-Bearers, on Horseback.

| Porter, in a Black Gown, with his Staff. | The LORD MAYOR, on Horseback, bearing his Sceptre of Office. | Ward Beadle with the Ward Mace. |
|---|---|---|

Lord Mayor's Household, on Foot.<br>
Six Footmen, Three and Three.<br>
His Lordship's State Coach, drawn by Six White Horses.<br>
The Aldermen (according to seniority) and the Recorder, in their Coaches.<br>
Carriages of the Sheriffs.<br>
Officers of the City, in Carriages, according to Seniority.<br>
The Volunteer Corps of the City.<br>
Life Guards.

Life Guards, in single File.

At the end of Wood-street, where the Cross formerly stood, in Cheapside, the Proclamation was read by Chester Herald. The Procession moving on to the Royal Exchange, the Proclamation was there read, for the last time, by Lancaster Herald.

The Lord Mayor having, upon this joyful occasion, convened the several Volunteer Corps of the City in order to add to the splendour of the ceremony, as well as to deliver to them the thanks of His Majesty and the Honourable House of Commons for their services during the war, it became necessary to extend the procession to Aldgate; whence it returned, through Fenchurch-street, and up Gracechurch-street, and passed again through Cornhill, to the Mansion House; from whence the Procession of the Officers of Arms, Knight Marshal, Drums and Trumpets, and Life Guards, returned through St. Paul's Church-yard.

The acclamations of joy were general from many thousands of spectators, who filled all the streets through which the Procession passed; and, in the evening, the universal satisfaction of the people was manifested by the display of splendid illuminations in all parts of the metropolis.

## Utility of Birds.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THE letter from Dr. Lettsom, in your Magazine for January, and that signed *Varro*, are on a subject very interesting to the lovers of a good garden; and still more so (as its importance is greater) to those who are engaged in Agriculture, I apprehend, therefore, that you will readily admit a few further remarks, which may be of use to decide what seems to be not fully regarded.

Mr. Bradley, in some of his writings, mentions a person whose curiosity led him to watch a couple of birds, who had a nest of young ones, for one hour:—they went out and returned continually, bringing every time a caterpillar back to their young. He counted the journies they took, and calculated that one nest could not consume less than five thousand in the course of a day. I thought this seemed to be an extravagant number to suppose; but, on considering how little room caterpillars require, how soft is their substance, and how quick is the digestion of birds, I was fully satisfied as to that point.

Dr. Lettsom thinks that the common observation, that a severe frost destroys grubs, insects, &c. may be erroneous. I rather wonder at his supposition, and cannot think with him. For when we consider, that it is the nature of frost to swell all fluids, and to destroy all tenacity, how can we suppose, that any principle of vitality can remain in any animal body, which has been entirely frozen through its substance? Its vessels must have been all broken, by the enlargement of the contained fluids; and the body therefore prepared for immediate putrid dissolution, when a thaw comes. Those grubs only, which have retired to a greater depth in the earth than the frost reaches, can remain. I remember a fact full to this point:—A gentleman, in the county of Essex, assured me, in the latter end of the year 1795, that the severe frost of the former winter had done immense service to the farmers on his estates; for that, previous to that time, they had been for several years so infested with grubs, that their wheat crops suffered most severely, and they had been frequently obliged to repeat their wheat-sowing in the spring, or to sow some other crops where the wheat had been destroyed; but after that frost, he said, the evil was removed.

It has been supposed, that tom-tits, and some other birds, injure the blossoms of fruit-trees in the spring: I have watched them completely, and have been convinced, that the fact is the contrary; and that when they are seen to peck at the blossoms, as is generally thought, they are snatching an insect out of its retreat. Yet, if they did feed on blossoms, I see not what injury they could do, for the trees produce millions more than can possibly set and ripen into fruit; so that, if they did not naturally perish and fall, they must be picked off in multitudes, or no fruit could be had.

I suspect the carrion crow to be entirely carnivorous, and I rather believe the same of the rook; for these birds may be always seen to settle, in great numbers, on a fresh-ploughed field before it is sown.

Your correspondent Varro, considers pigeons as very mischievous, because they are entirely granivorous;

vorous; but animals of this description may be also very serviceable, inasmuch as they consume immense quantities of seeds of weeds, which would otherwise prove a terrible plague to the farmer, cost him a large expence, and perhaps puzzle his diligence to eradicate them. There is a paper in the Museum Rusticum, vol. ii. p. 255, giving an account, that the farmers at Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire, had destroyed their pigeons; and afterwerds found, that without these birds they could get no crops of wheat. The soil was full of the seeds of ketlocks, which overshot and destroyed their corn. The pigeons preferred these seeds to any corn whatever, and the farmers were obliged to re-people their courts.

The usefulness of domestic poultry is fully established, from the success attending the experiment which Dr. Lettsom mentions to have been made at Norfolk Island. It is plain, therefore, contrary to the supposition of Varro, that they will take the trouble of looking after insects. Turkies will leave any thing for the seeds of nettles, and will always thrive where nettles grow abundantly. The guinea-fowl, which seems to be a species of the turkey, is probably of the same disposition.

Varro justly supposes ducks to be very serviceable, if flocks of them were turned in upon young corn, or among turnips; but the number must be great to do any extensive service. They are not so beneficial in a garden, for they will take liberties with the strawberries; and I have had the hearts of my endive and lettuces picked out by them, in order to get at the little red worms which are apt to harbour there. The common plover or pee-wit, seems fitter for gardens than the duck; because its long sharp bill can take the worms without injuring the plants, which the broad round bill of the duck cannot so well do; and these birds have no taste for strawberries; they may therefore be safely trusted.

Upon the whole, Gentlemen, having made much observation on the feathered part of the creation, and considered the matter well, I am not partially, but entirely a friend to them all (the great voracious birds of prey, which seldom come under notice, excepted). If they eat part of our corn, or part of our fruit, shall we grudge it, when they are the means of preserving the rest? God has not given to us an exclusive right to the whole: and, as the poet says,

"The birds of heaven will vindicate their right."

If therefore we would act consistently with our character, as good masters of the inferior world, or consistently with our own interest, we shall cheerfully allow these our dependent servants (for such they are) their small pittance, and receive in return the benefits they will bring us, besides being cheered with their wild and delightful melody. J. B. PIKE.

Feb. 23, 1802.

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## PLUNGING, OR DIVING VESSELS.

*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE late account given of the perfected state of a vessel invented in France, for navigating under water, appeared to me so alarming, that I have since spent some time in examining the subject.

ject. I find in the Magic Mathematic of Bishop Wilkins, published in the year 1648, a long account of a project for making a boat to navigate under water; and in the Encyclopedia, article *Plunger*, an account of a plunging boat by Cornelius Drebell, who, in the reign of Charles I. made a boat with twelve oars, which navigated under water in the Thames. One of the men was alive in the time of Boyle; in the boat they had a liquor, which refreshed the air. Boyle says, the composition of the liquor was made known to him by the person to whom Drebell confided it, but he has not given us the secret. The imperfect state of science at the time the experiments were made, is the reason, perhaps, of their not being perfected; or, perhaps, the wisdom of Government suppressed an invention which could be productive only of mischief. Your's,

A. B.

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## Ancient May Games, &c.

in Scotland, England, and France.

Dr. Jaimeson, of Edinburgh, D. D. in the Prospectus of his intended Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, has collected the following accounts. This work, as a transcript of the Customs and Manners of the earliest times, promises much entertainment to the curious Observer.

### Abbot of Un-reason,

A sort of histrionic character, anciently used in Scotland; but afterwards prohibited by Act of Parliament.

"IT is statute and ordained, that in all timescumming, na manar of person be chosen *Robert Hude*, nor *Little John*, *Abbot of Unreason*, *Queenis of May*, nor utherwise, neuther in Burgh nor to Landwart, in onie time to cum: and gif ony Provest, Baillies, Councell, and Communitie, chuse sic an personage,—within Burgh, the chusers of sik sall tine their freedome for the space of fiue zeires, and utherwise sal be punished at the Queenis Grace will, and the acceptar of sik-like office sall be banished foorth of the Realme: and, gif ony sik persones—beis chosen out-with Burgh, and uthers Landward townes, the chusers sall pay to our soveraine Ladie, Ten poundes, and their persons put in waird, there to remain during the Queenis Grace pleasure." Q. Mary, Parl. 6. ch 61. A. 1555. The particular reason of this prohibition is not mentioned. It does not appear to have been the effect of the Protestant doctrine. For as yet the Reformation was strenuously opposed by the court. It was most probably owing to the disorders carried on, both in town and country, under the pretence of innocent recreation. The following sentence of the Act of Parliament implies something of this nature. "Gif onie women or others about Summer trees [perhaps Maypoles] singand makis *perturbation* to the Queenis lieges in the passage throw Burrows and uthers Landward townes: the women *perturbatoures* for skafrie of money, or utherwise, salbe taken, handled, and put upon the Cuck-stules of everie Burgh or Towne." V. Skafrie and Cuck-stule.

There is an allusion to the same sport in Scot's Poem on May.

"Abbots by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,
Sic Senzeors tymes owerweil this season,
Upon thair vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falsit, feibleness and treason
Has rung thryss owre this Zodiack."

Ever-Green, vol. ii. p. 187.

Here, while the poet insinuates that

that such games had formerly been customary in the beginning of May, he beautifully alludes to the disordered state of society in his own time; declaring, that the season allotted for the games did not suffice for those who really acted the part of Abbots *by* i. e. *against* Rule, and Lords *without* Reason; as they greatly *owerweiled*, or exceeded the proper time. There would be a great *waiking* or vacation, did others wait till they had finished their *vyce*, or part in the play. Perhaps, indeed, he uses *vyce* in the same manner in which he has used *by*, as capable of a double sense, and signifying that theirs was truly a *vicious* part. V. Owerweil.

A similar character was well known in England. In an old memoir of shews and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas, in the reign of Henry VII. in the palace of Westminster, A. 1482, it is said, "This Christmas I saw no disguysings, and but right few plays. But there was an Abbot of Misrule, that made much sport, and did right well his office." Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry, I. 239. At Cambridge, this character was called Imperator, or Emperor. One of the Masters of Arts was placed over the juniors every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions during this season of festivity. The Latin Comedies and Tragedies, as well as Shews and Dialogues, were to be under his authority and direction. His power continued for twelve days; and it was renewed on Candlemas-day. In the colleges of Oxford, they had a temporary officer of the same kind, who was called Princeps Natalicius, Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule.

It seems uncertain whether our ancestors borrowed their Abbot of Un-reason immediately from the English, or from the French. For the latter also had their Abbé de Liesse, or Abbot of Joy, Abbas Laetitiae—Du Cange. V. Warton's His. E. Poet. II. 378—381.

Polydore Virgil says, that so early as the year 1170, it was the custom of the English nation to celebrate their Christmas with plays, masques, and the most magnificent spectacles; together with games at dice and dancing. This practice, he adds, was not conformable to the usage of most other nations, who permitted these diversions, not at Christmas, but a few days before Lent, at the time of Shrove-tide. Hist. Angl. lib. 13. fol. 211. ap Warton, III. 307. The same writer observes, that the Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule, is almost peculiar to the English. "The Christenmasse lordes," he adds, "that be commonly made at the nativitie of the Lorde, to whom all the household and familie, with the master himself, must be obedient, began of the equalitie, that the servauntes had with their masters in Saturnas feastes, that were called Saturnalia; wherein the servauntes have like authoritie with their masters, durying the tyme of the said feastes." Pol. Virg. de Rer. Inventor. Translat. b. 5. ch. 2.

But notwithstanding the testimony of this respectable writer, these revels seem to have prevailed as early in France. For in the year 1198, the Cardinal Legate enjoined the Bishop of Paris utterly to abolish what is called Festum Fatuorum, or the Feast of Fools. Du Cange V. Kalenda, p. 1665.

ACCOUNT

## Account of an Elephant kept in the Tower, &c.

In the Reign of Henry III.

Brunetto Latini gives a short description of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with some account of the City of London, its Citizens, and the Court of Henry the Third,—his relation of an Elephant kept in the Tower, and his History of that Animal.

I Lately visited a curious animal which is now kept in the Tower of London. It is an elephant presented to King Henry by the Emperor Frederick the Second, who, as you know, married the King's sister Isabel. It seems this elephant was sent as a present to the Emperor Frederick by Emperor Prester John, of India. Henry, by an ordinance, has directed the City of London to provide for this elephant, and to defray the expence of his keeper, which cost the Citizens not less than *four-pence* a-day, over and above the expence they have been put to in building a receptacle for this rare animal, and the house adjoining for the Cremonese and his family to dwell in, who accompanied the elephant from Italy, hither, and is intrusted with the care and management of it.

As the elephant is an animal not found in Europe, you may not be acquainted with the nature and properties of that quadruped, I will therefore give you what account I have been able to collect from reading, and the information of the Italian, its keeper, concerning elephants in general, and the King's in particular; which, we trust, will not be unacceptable to our numerous readers.

The elephant is the largest animal we know of. His teeth are that substance which we call ivory. He has a kind of nose, called his trunk or proboscis; this he can twist about with a serpentine motion. With this proboscis he takes up his food and conveys it into his mouth. Besides this use, he can strike with it so forcibly as to break whatever he hits. I was assured by the Cremonese, that he saw him throw a loaded ass upon the roof of a house. It is certain that elephants have great courage; notwithstanding which, they are readily tamed after they are taken. There is a great difficulty in getting them on board of a ship when there is a necessity for transporting them across the sea; and in this case it is necessary for their keeper to conduct them with their tail foremost. To manage the elephant, some severity of blows must be made use of; and then he will suffer himself to be rode upon, and will go here and there as he is guided; for which purpose there is no need of a bridle, but only of an iron hook.

Alexander the Great is said to have made brazen statues of men, which he caused to be filled with live coals; these being applied to the proboscis, the elephants became so fearful of them, that they durst not strike their keepers lest they should be burnt. But I must tell you of their great sense and intelligence. It is certain that they observe rule and order among themselves, and submit, like mankind, to the government of a head or leader. They march together in large bodies, following their commander, who is generally the oldest elephant, and never breaking out of the line of march, the rear being commanded by the elephant next in seniority. When engaged in battle, they fight with one tooth only, keeping the other in

in reserve; and the vanquished elephant never comes off without the loss of, or some damage to, his teeth. The female elephant does not admit the male until she is fourteen years old; nor does the male seek the female before his fifteenth year. But so continent are these animals, that they never fight on account of their amours; each elephant keeping to one female until death separates them. And whenever this happens, the surviving male or female remains in the woods, in a state of widowhood, seeking no new mate. And as the elephant, contrary to the nature of other animals, requires a provocative, the male and female, guided by instinct, set out together westward, towards the earthly Paradise, until the female has found a certain plant, called the *man de gloire*, (mandragora or mandrake) of which she eats, and entices the male to eat of it likewise; whereby they are both excited to enter upon the work of generation. The female brings forth but one young elephant, and does not breed again while she lives. She leads her young one, as soon as it is brought forth, to a pool of water, wherein he remains immersed up to his belly, the male elephant constantly keeping a look-out, for fear of the dragon, which is an enemy that covets the elephant's blood. If the elephant falls, he has no power to rise again, having no joint or knee; nature, therefore, has instructed him to make a loud outcry, which the elephants hearing, come to the spot, perhaps to the number of twelve; these join with their cries until the little elephants come in, who relieve the fallen elephant, by working their trunks under him, and thus, by the help of the proboscis, lift him again upon his legs.

## History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.

From Rural Sports,
By W. B. DANIEL.

[Continued from p. 250, No. CXIII.]

BEFORE we touch upon the old method of coursing the hare, or the rules established for deciding upon the merits of greyhounds, the manner formerly in use for breeding, rearing, and training, them, will be noticed.

The old couplets that described this species of dogs, were exact in the points they recommended as necessary to form a complete greyhound.

" Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat."

In choosing a whelp, the choice formerly was governed by the weight, and that which was the lightest, was generally thought to prove the nimblest and best. The raw-boned, lean, loose made, and unseemly whelps, in every joint, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas those that, after three or four months appeared round, close trussed, and well built in every part, were not worth rearing, seldom proving swift or comely. It was also an observation in ancient times, that the bitches were commonly more speedy than the dogs, and this remark is still made by those who have had the best opportunities of deciding upon the subject.

The time to first try and train them to their game, was at twelve months old; and there is little variation in that observed at the present day. Some gentlemen, now, enter and try their bitch puppies at ten months old; but if they meet with

with severe courses so young, it is apt to strain them, and they are frequently a long time before they outgrow it, and fully recover themselves.

At two years old the greyhound is full grown, and the choice of one at that age was to be directed, by his having a fine skin, with soft, thin hair, a long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eyes, downwards; a full clear eye, with large eyelids, little ears, a long neck, bending like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand, broad breast, his body neither too long nor too great, a back straight and square, having a rising in the middle, a small belly, broad shoulders, round ribs, with a long space between his hips, a strong stern, a round foot, with large clefts, and his fore-legs straight and shorter than his hinder.

The breeding of the greyhound was recommended to be from the well-tried and best bitches, as an indifferent dog was supposed, from such a cross, to get better whelps, than if the excellence was inverted, and the bitch but tolerable; the surest way to have the whelps excellent, was to have both sire and dam good, and not to exceed four years old; if any inequality in their age, it was deemed better to be on the bitch's side, so that the dog was young. But notwithstanding this care in the breed and form of the greyhound, and even with the property of running to their owners wishes, from improper keeping they might be soon spoiled; the art both of rightly feeding, and properly entering them at their game, was formerly thus managed and described.

The keeping a greyhound properly did not solely consist in the meat given him, but also in his exercise, airing and kennelling. If in full flesh, he was to have the chippings of bread in fresh broth. Milk and bread, butter milk, or soft bones, morning and evening, which would keep him healthy; if he was unwell or low in condition, sheeps heads or feet, with the wool on, chopt in small pieces and made broth of, with sweet herbs and oatmeal, was to be his daily food at morn and eve, until he recovered his flesh and his health.

The kennel was to be airy, and the door towards the south the benches two feet and a half high, with holes bored to carry off the urine; the straw on the benches was to be frequently changed, and the kennel kept extremely clean.

The diet for greyhounds engaged to run, was bread made as follows: half a peck of oatmeal, a peck of wheat, both ground and boulted through a fine sieve, anniseeds beaten and liquorice were to be scattered amongst it, and it was then with the whites of eggs and new ale, to be kneeded up into small loaves, which were to be well baked. This bread, soaked in beef or other broths, was to be given, after having aired and walked them out morning and evening.

The airing was attended with some particularities, for the dog was first to be rubbed with a hair or cloth in his kennel, he was then to be led out in a leash, half an hour after sun-rising, to some place where there was no cattle or sheep, and there he was suffered to frisk about and empty himself, when he was led back; the same method was to be observed in the evening, and in winter he was permitted once a day to enjoy the benefit of the fire: it was also recommended to keep him always in kennel, not only as a matter of safety, but as it was considered to increase their spirit and nimbleness.

The exercise of greyhounds consisted in coursing them; they were

to be run twice a week if the courses were long, else every other day, and they were to be rewarded and encouraged with the blood of the hare. At the first entering them, it was allowable to give them the advantage over their game, by finding a young hare, and giving her no law; but this was never done by a sportsman after the first getting blood; the hare had afterwards fair law allowed her, by which was discerned the ability and wind of the dog.

Upon coursing days, a toast and butter, or oil, was given early in the morning; if the greyhound killed the hare, he was not suffered to break her, but the hare was taken from him, and his chaps cleansed of the wool; he had afterwards the heart, liver, and lights given him. After a hard course, his feet were to be washed with water and salt, which was deemed (and certainly is) preferable to warm beer and butter; after being in his kennel for half an hour he was to be fed.

Greyhounds bred where the ground was chiefly arable, and in deep open vales, were formerly said to outrun those bred on the downs; the opinion upon this point is now changed.

For coursing the hare, the plan was formerly to find one sitting, if possible, and if a hare sat near a cover, with a fair field behind her, the company stationed themselves so as to force her to the champaign, for it is remarked that a hare seldom takes the same way that her head points when in her form.

The laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk in Queen Elizabeth' reign, and which were agreed to by the nobility and gentry who then followed the diversion, and have been always held authentic.

The feuterer, or persons that lets loose the greyhounds, was to receive those that were matched to run together into his leash, as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare-finder, or him that was to start the hare, until he came to the form, and no horse or foot-men were to go before, or on either side, but directly behind, for the space of about forty yards.

A hare was not to be coursed with more than a brace of greyhounds.

The hare-finder was to give the hare three soho's before he put her from her form, to give notice to the dogs that they may attend her starting.

The hare was to have twelve score yards law before the dogs were loosed, unless the small distance from cover would not admit it without danger of immediately losing her.

The dog that gave the first turn, and during the course, if there was neither cote, slip, nor wrench, won.

A cote is when the greyhound goes endways by his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.

A cote served for two turns, and two trippings or jerkins for a cote; if the hare did not turn quite about, she only wrenched, and two wrenches stand for a turn.

If there were no cotes given between a brace of greyhounds, but that one of them served the other at turning, then he that gave the hare the most turns won; and if one gave as many turns as the other, then he that bore the hare, won.

If one dog gave the first turn, and the other bore the hare, he that bore the hare, won.

A go-by or bearing the hare was equivalent to two turns.

If neither dog turned the hare, he that led last to the cover, won.

If one dog turned the hare, served himself and turned her again,

again, it was as much as a cote; for a cote was esteemed two turns.

If all the course was equal, the dog that bore the hare won; if the hare was not borne, the course was adjudged dead.

If a dog fell in a course, and yet performed his part, he might challenge the advantage of a turn more than he gave.

If a dog turned the hare, served himself, and gave divers cotes, and yet in the end stood still in the field, the other dog, if he ran home to the cover, although he gave no turn, was adjudged the winner.

If, by accident, a dog was rode over in his course, the course was void, and he that did the mischief was to make reparation for the damage.

If a dog gave the first and last turn, and there was no other advantage betwixt them, he that gave the odd turn, won.

He that came in first at the death, took up the hare, saved her from being torn, cherished the dogs, and cleansed their mouths from the wool, was adjudged to have the hare for his trouble.

Those that were judges of the course, were to give their decision before they departed out of the field.

[*To be continued.*]

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## Account of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

(Continued from page 31.)

### THE COQUETTE.

THIS animal, like the *Foppe*, originally came from France, but travellers assure us, they are to be found in all parts of the civilized and uncivilized world. Vaillant, in his two Voyages, relates, that he met with some of the species even in Caffraria, and among the Nimequas, south of the Cape of Good Hope; but they did not much engage the attention of this ingenious naturalist, as he knew they were to be found in much greater perfection in Europe.

The Coquette is generally a most beautiful animal: its skin is a delicate white, with red spots on the face of considerable magnitude, very fine and sparkling eyes, which it has the art of rolling about in such a manner as to fascinate its prey, not unlike certain serpents. Its voice, like that of the Foppes, with which, as before-mentioned, it is apt to be confounded, is shrill and often inharmonious, but perhaps no animal has more varieties of tone, which are observed to differ with every impulse of anger, joy, sorrow, pride, disdain, &c. There is something singular in the red spots on the faces of Coquettes, which is, they appear and disappear in the course of twenty-four hours, the face appearing of an entire pale white, when the animal awakes from sleep. In others, however, the redness is stationary, and varies only with the expression of the passions. These are most admired.

In mischief this animal is far superior to the Foppe, and it is very rare that the most expert naturalists have been able to tame them. There are only two ways in which this is done, and I shall mention them, although neither are in our power. The one is a disease to which they are subject, which leaves marks, or small pits, all over the face; the other is old age. When they advance in years, they undergo a transformation, which seems to affect their reason, as they are always making signs to express that they fear they shall lead apes! An old Coquette, therefore, is a very rare animal, but not the more valuable upon that account, as there

there is a general prejudice against them, and very few men can be prevailed upon to go near them.

The young ones are extremely wild, as already remarked, and the most difficult to catch of any animal. The sportsmen usually employ a noose with a ring, but it is very rare they succeed, and some of my acquaintance who have, after many attempts, caught one of them, assured me, that "the sport costs more than it is worth." Others, less expert, and not so well acquainted with the animal, have caught a tartar in its stead, from which, to be sure, it does not greatly differ.

The Coquette is particularly fond of the male dress. Place one of them in a well-furnished wardrobe, and it will adorn itself in the most whimsical, and *outré* manner, and always seems best pleased, when it resembles nothing in nature but itself. An eminent writer, speaking of this animal, says, very justly, though paradoxically,

"None but itself can be its parallel!"

Fond, however, as it is of frippery and dress, it is never long contented with the same suit, but is perpetually varying it, and making the strangest figures with the hair of its head, which is generally very long and beautiful. Some say, it has even the power of changing the colour of its hair, as it does the red spots on its face, but I have never been witness to a transformation of the kind.

There are, however, the greatest varieties in the shape of this animal; sometimes it appears to have no waist, at other times it is all waist; sometimes there is a vast protuberance before, and at other times it is behind; so that no general description will suit the Coquette, although there are paintings and engravings of many of the different kinds to be seen in the print shops.

It is generally thought that the breed is fast going out in these kingdoms, and undoubtedly if they were not kept in so many families they would be soon extinct; but there is a great number of people extremely partial to them, and who submit to all their wild tricks and freaks, though they often lose their time and even their money by attending to them. Some ladies have been so fond of them, as to prefer them to the most lovely and sensible of their children; but it is more easy to mention such extravagant fancies, than to account for them, or to cure them.

The Coquette, although for ever expressing some passion or other, is believed to be very little acquainted with the tender ones. It is rarely susceptible of friendship, and never of love. Those who have kept Coquettes, assure us, they can never tame them so as to make them faithful or affectionate; but it is said when caught by the noose and ring mentioned above, they may be very easily domesticated. Others, again, in flat contradiction to this, say, they lose their native propensities altogether, and degenerate into Dowdies, an animal in all respects the reverse of the Coquette, being quiet, insensible, slatternly, and neglectful of its person; and there are few who can manage the noose and ring, so as not to confine and hurt the animal.

Merely to look at the Coquette, is one of the prettiest creatures ever formed, and no animal is more gratified by being looked at. A hundred eyes directed at once to where a Coquette sits, is a pleasure which it seems to relish very much; and, at a proper distance, the spectator will be rather di-

verted

verted with its tricks, but few who know the qualities of the animal, will venture to approach nearer. It is remarkably deceitful in its attacks. When it frowns, it is generally kind, and when it appears fond and good humoured, it is almost a certainty that it is then meditating a mischievous trick. It can counterfeit all appearances to attract notice, and will even sometimes turn pale, and appear dead, to impose upon its pursuers. All its movements, indeed, are deceptive, particularly weeping, which it does like a woman; but the great difficulty is to know whether the tears it sheds are tears of joy, sorrow, anger, or disappointment. By such tricks the Coquette leads its pursuers such a dance from place to place, from town to country, and from country to town, that they generally give over the chase, as not worth the trouble, although they feel themselves excessively chagrined at being out-witted by an animal which they thought ready to jump into their arms.

On dissection, we perceive many singularities, such as the great distance from the head to the heart, and the last being made of a substance scarcely penetrable. But as Dr. Addison, a very expert physician and anatomist, in Queen Anne's time, has given a very accurate description of the dissection of a Coquette, I shall refer my readers to that, quoting only one passage. "As soon," says he, "as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart; not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed."

I have only to add, that the description I have given of the Coquette, applies chiefly to the female. The male Coquette is an ugly, ferocious animal, which all agree to hunt out of society, and I have never met with one worthy of the least attention.

*April* 28. J. J. B.

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Remarks on the Abuses of Sporting, Cock-fighting, &c.

COCK-FIGHTING and Bull-baiting* are relics of ancient barbarity, and utterly repugnant to the present polished state of society. Minds familiarised to such diversions, are incapable of justly estimating those nice sensibilities, which tend to elevate and refine human nature. When we have once brought ourselves to delight in the misery of other beings, the prolongation of that misery becomes the first object of our wishes, and innocence itself is sometimes sacrificed to stretch it to its fullest extent.—Hence, the sportsman has been known to order his hounds to be hanged, because they were too fleet in the chase, and brought the life of the affrighted animal to too speedy a conclusion.

Whatever were the animals originally designed as victims to the necessities of man, and whatever may be the description of those, his artificial wants have since added to the catalogue, he is bound by the first radical principle in the human mind, to use his exterminating power

* A lady (I believe now living) was heard to say, in the year 1793, in the last century, that her former husband made a trifling bet (which he afterwards won), that his dog would run at, and pin a Bull, after he had cut off the lower joint of every leg! This, in the language of Hamlet, was surely horrible! most horrible!

power with the least possible cruelty; the tedious and lingering process made use of in depriving some beings of existence, to render them more palatable to the debauched appetite of the epicure, is at once a shameful and criminal prostitution of that discriminating faculty with which we are so eminently endowed. This consideration naturally leads us to a pointed reprobation of the custom of Birds'-nesting; the cruelty of which is not lessened by its being universally pursued. With what a vicious pleasure does the boy fly from his book to the field, to commit his depredations on the defenceless bird, and counteract the order of nature, in the propagation of its species! But let it be remembered, that the cupidity of the child is derived from the parent, who, by a passive acquiescence in this mischievous diversion, implants in the mind of his son a system of cruelty, which, in maturer years, may break forth in a variety of ramifications, and, perhaps, finally conduct him to a melancholy, if not an ignominious end.

If we take a retrospective view of the life of the most atrocious villain that ever disgraced human nature, we shall find him approaching the acme of infamy by gradationary steps.—No man can be completely virtuous or wicked in an instant.—We yield to the pressure of surrounding examples, and our most trivial actions, by an imperceptible tendency, may not only increase or diminish our own happiness, but the happiness of others. Whether the summit of perfection in this sphere of existence can be attained or not, is a point in opinion upon which the profoundest casuist is unable to decide with certainty; but that man evidently approaches the nearest, whose sympathising mind can participate in the happiness or misery of the minutest object of sensitive creation.

*Swaffham*, 1802. C.

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Having been strongly urged to insert MR. WATSON'S ANSWER to AN OBSERVER, and having assented thereto, we are now called upon to admit the following Reply; in doing which, we positively shall not give place to any thing further on the subject—

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*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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GENTLEMEN,

I Perceive the *cacoethes scribendi* of the little veterinary hero of *petty cury* celebrity, is not yet lulled to its proper and much wished-for apathy, but that his raving paroxisms continue with unabated *furor*, to the astonishment of his own friends, and the entertainment of your numerous readers. As an opiate to allay the predominant traits of his disquietude; or, in other words, the effervescence of his irritability, I request you will kindly oppose my effusion of mirth, to his essence of anger, by the introduction of a few concise remarks upon his elaborate production, in which you have afforded him ample scope to acquire eternal fame, by the almost unprecedented sublimity of his diction, and the incredible extent of his University education. For after plunging headlong through two ambiguous columns, of what he terms "logical deductions," with a variety of oblique inferences, and vague conclusions, he, at length, to keep up the quixotism of his own imagination, gives a view halloo! (like a cross-bred sportsman upon unkennelling a pole cat) and continues his clamour to convince the distant listeners he has "found!"—Found what?—Why, wonderful to relate

—more

—more wonderful to believe, he has in the depth of his penetration and recollection, discovered, that the great and immaculate Cambridge *petty cury* Druggists, and self-coined Veterinarians "did not make application to Mr. Taplin to become agents for the sale of his medicines, but he applied to them;" admit it; in the name of God let it be admitted, if true; but what has that trifling insignificant distinction to do with the great and incontrovertible charge, and just ground upon which my original assertion uncontradicted stands? I again aver, that this very Watson continued to sell Taplin's Horse Medicines, of his own preparation, seal, and signature, for six years previous to the appearance of these truly cheap, truly efficacious, and truly surprising, "Cambridge Horse Balls," which have already so very, very far exceeded all others, (of whatever denomination) in every quarter of the world; that of course, Taplin, Coleman, Moorcroft, Layton, Watson (of Norwich), Jones, &c. &c. &c. must soon be buried in a professional oblivion.

Thus far in respect to Medicines, of which, probably, your readers have had too much; and conscious the medical reputation of Mr. Taplin can stand in no need of farther defence from me, I proceed only to a cursory view of such assertions, by the said dignified and self-important

THOMAS WATSON,

as appertains to myself.—In my original remarks upon his "Extraordinary Intelligence," (page 344 of your Magazine for March) I observed, and fairly stated, "the London carriers who convey his Goods; the innkeepers where he takes his chop and glass of grog; the more humble publican, where he takes his pint of ale," &c. To this plain, unembellished, and truly inoffensive language, the diminutive *Drawcansir*, in his extreme *furor* of the sublime *cacoethes*, affords the following construction: "His friends are held up as unprincipled scoundrels—are scandalously abused without cause."—If to assert, an Innkeeper must be happy to see his friend in the state before mentioned; or a Publican to say "Here's to you," with a grateful shake of the hand to a pot companion, be to "vilify and to abuse," then am I a stranger to the language of my country, and the manners of its inhabitants.

Having, however, been induced to obtrude upon both your room and your kindness, very much beyond my first intent, I shall only presume to add, that having originally taken up the pen to shield Mr. Taplin's professional reputation from what I then did, and still do, consider, a load of the most unprincipled abuse, I feel myself fully justified in the opinion I have advanced, that "the sporting world acknowledge themselves indebted to him for all his exertions. It is universally known that his *humane* volumes first occasioned the *reform* in Farriery; that they constituted the very idea and institution of the Veterinary College, and that the success of his Medical Preparations, has been productive of various "cheap" imitations by numerous necessitous adventurers, and speculative sharks, in every corner of the kingdom.

Truly thankful for your impartial insertion, I beg to be considered most truly your's,

AN OBSERVER.

*May* 10, 1802.

## History of Clubs.

(Continued from page 21.)

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have entertained your numerous readers for some months past, with an account of several convivial Societies, I have taken the liberty of adding to the number, by sending you a description of one lately revived, called the Aviary, and of which I have the honour to be President.

None but *birds* are admitted members of our society, and, though we seldom meet till after sun-set, some of us are always in *full song*, and seldom go to *roost* before midnight. Wishing to make our club respectable for its numbers, as well as for their respective talents, I shall think myself under considerable obligations to you, if you will admit this short epistle in your amusing Magazine.

Our present members are, Edward Eagle, Henry Hawk, Samuel Swan, John Kite, Henry Heron, Geoffery Goose, Daniel Duck, Tobias Turkey, Roger Raven, Richard Rook, Simon Swift, Matthew Martin, Samuel Swallow, Christopher Crow, Peter Parrot, Patrick Patridge, George Grouse, William Woodcock, William Wren, Nathaniel Nightingale, Dennis Dove, Jonathan Jay, Samuel Sparrow, and Oliver Owl.

You will perceive, Sir, that our society is capable of great increase, but we are very circumspect in the admission of our members. One Thomas Bat had the audacity to claim a place among us, but we rejected him; though he has wings, he is not to be ranked among the feathered tribe.

We spend our evenings in great harmony, notwithstanding we have some few dissonant voices among us; but Messieurs Raven, Rook, Goose, Turkey, Crow, and Owl, are never permitted to open their *beaks*, but in a chorus.

Mr. David Daw was a member of our society, till he was unanimously expelled for insulting the whole club, by moving, to have our place of assembling called a *cage*. Birds were ever lovers of liberty; then what did he deserve, who could presume to start such an humiliating idea, in such an august society. Had he not *hopped off*, and immediately taken flight, I should have doubted of his personal safety, as every member would have *pecked* at him.

I am sorry you are not one of us, that we might hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company; but if any person should *feather your nest*, and make a bird of you by Act of Parliament (a practice far from being uncommon) we shall be happy to furnish you with a *perch*.—I am, Sir, in the name of the Society, your obedient servant, EDWARD EAGLE.

*Peacock, Bird-street,*
*May* 1, 1802.

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## Epitaph, &c.

On Sir Thomas Parkyns.

IN the chancel of the parish church of Bunney, near Nottingham, is a thick wrestling figure, intended to represent Sir Thomas Parkyns, Knight, grandfather of the present Lord Rancliffe, and once famous for athletic exercises, "*artificis status ipse fuit*," a figure, seems to tells us, that, the mighty Goliath of Gath is fallen. We are informed by the monument, that Sir Thomas was a great wrestler, and a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Leicester and Nottingham. It also says

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Howitt in. et f.

Dead Game, Plate 3.

Pub. June 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

that he was the Author of the Cornish Hug-wrestler, a great lover of athletic sports, an upright Magistrate, and an hospitable neighbour.

The EPITAPH has been mislaid, but shall appear in some future Number.

## DEAD GAME—PLATE III.

FACING this Page is to be placed Plate III. of

DEAD GAME.

Designed and Etched by Mr. HOWITT, who proposes to favour us with a continuation of these Subjects.

## THE GREAT EATER.

Extract from a scarce pamphlet of the 17th century, called, "The Great Eater; or, Part of the admirable Teeth and Stomach's Exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the County of Kent."

"HE is an Englishman, and an English diet will serve his turne; if the Norfolk dumplin and the Devonshire White Pot be at variance, he will atone them. The Bag-puddings of Gloucestershire, the Blacke Puddings of Worcestershire, the Pan-puddings of Shropshire, the White Puddings of Somersetshire, the Hasty Puddings of Hampshire, and the Pudding Pies of any Shire, all are one to him; nothing comes amisse; a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuffe, it is welcome, whether it be sawsedge, or cusard, or egg-pye, or cheese-cake, or flawne, or foole, or froyze, or tanzy, a pancake, or fritter, or flapiaake, or posset, or galley-mawfrey, mackeroone, kick-shaw, or tantablin. He is no puling meacocke, nor in all his life-time the queasinesse of his stomache needed any sawcy spurre, or switch of sowre verjuice, or acute vinegar; his appetite is no struggler, nor is it ever to seeke, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jaylor he is very tender yver it, not suffering it to want any thing, if he can by any means procure it; indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of cawdle, aleberry, julep, calipee, grewell, or stew'd broth, only a messe of plaine frugall countrey pottage was always sufficient for him, though it was but a washing-bowle full of the quantity of two pecks, which porrenger of his I myselfe saw at the signe of the White Lion, at a village called Harrison, in Kent, the hostesse of which howse did affirme, that he did at once wash downe that bowle-full of potage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugges of beere."

## ANCIENT FENCING SCHOOL IN WARWICK LANE.—COMBAT, &c. DESCRIBED.

Extracted from George Silver's Paradoxes of Defence, printed about the middle of the Sixteenth Century.

THERE were three Italian teachers of offence in my time. The first was Signior Rocco; the second was Jeronimo, that was Signior Rocco his boy, that taught gentlemen in the Blacke-Friers, as Usher for his Maister, instead of a man. The third was Vincentio. This Signior Rocco came into England about some thirtie,

thirtie yeares past; he taught the noblemen and gentlemen of the Court; he caused some of them to wear leaden soales in their shoes, the better to bring them to nimblenesse of feet in their fight. He disbursed a great sum of money for the lease of a faire house in Warwick-lane, which he called his Colledge, for he thought it great disgrace for him to keepe a Fence-Schoole, he being then thought to be the only famous Maister of the art of arms in the whole world. He caused to be fairly drawne and set round about his schoole all the noblemen's and gentlemen's armes, that were his schollers, and hanging right under their armes their rapiers, daggers, gloves of male and gantlets. Also he had benches and stooles, the roome being verie large, for gentlemen to sit round about his schoole to behold his teaching. He taught none commonly under twentie, fortie, fifty, or an hundred pounds.

And because all things should be verie necessary for the noblemen and gentlemen, he had in his schoole a large square table, with a greene carpet, done round with a verie brode, rich fringe of gold, alwaiss standing upon it a verie faire standish covered with crimson velvet, with inke, pens, pin-dust, and sealing waxe, and quiers of verie excellent fine paper gilded, readie for the noblemen and gentlemen (upon occasion) to write their letters, being then desirous to follow their fight, to send their men to dispatch their businesse. And to know how the time passed, he had in one corner of his schoole a clocke, with a verie faire large diall; he had within that schoole a roome, the which was called his privie schoole, with manie weapons therein, where he did his schollers his secret fight, after he had perfectly taught them their rules. He was very much beloved in the Court.

There was one Austen Bagger, a very tall gentleman of his handes, not standing much upon his skill, but carrying the valiant hart of an Englishman, upon a time being merrie amongst his friendes, said he would go fight with Signior Rocco, presently went to Signior Rocco his house in the Black-friers, and called to him in this manner:—"Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapon, thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon any button, thou that takest upon thee to come over the seas, to teach the valiant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight, thou cowardly fellow come out of thy house, if thou dare for thy life; I am come to fight with thee." Signior Rocco, looking out at a window, perceiving him in the street to stand readie with his sword and buckler, with his two-hand sword drawne, with all speed ran into the street, and manfully let flie at Austen Bagger, who most bravely defended himselfe, and presently closed with him, and stroke off his heels, and cut him over the breech, and trode upon him, and most grievously hurt him under his feet; yet in the end Austen of his good nature gave him his life, and there left him. This was the first and last fight that ever Signior Rocco made, saving once at Queen Hith he drew his rapier upon a waterman, where he was severely beaten with oars and stretchers, but the oddes of their weapons were as great against his rapier, as was his two hand sword against Austen Bagger's sword and buckler, therefore for that fray he was to be excused.

*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## ANTIQUITY OF PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THAT the fashion of people of rank performing plays at their own houses, or private theatres, may have never been at so high a pitch as at the present day, is, perhaps, not to be disputed, but it certainly has to boast of a much earlier origin. Milton wrote his Masque of Comus with the avowed intention of its being performed by the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, the then President of Wales. It was played, for the first time, on Michaelmas-day, 1634, at Ludlow Castle; and the scene was so contrived as to terminate in a real view of the river Severn, and of a wood (which still remains) on the bank opposite the castle, which, on the occasion, was splendidly illuminated, and must have had a most sublimely picturesque appearance; and, what is, perhaps, not generally known, this wood, being remarkable for reverberating a very fine echo, gave occasion to the introduction of that beautiful song which we so much delight to hear re-echoed on our London Theatres. But to have heard it warbled

> " By slow meanders margent green,
> " And on the violet-embroider'd vale,
> " Where the love-lorn nightingale,
> " Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well."

To have heard it here, " in linked sweetness long drawn out," how inexpressibly superior must have been the effect!

The principal performers were, the Lord Brackley, the honourable Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton. The original music was composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, who played the Attendant Spirit; but this has since been discarded for the substitution of Dr. Arne's.

This may not, perhaps, be the appropriate place to take a prospective view of the effects the present Pic-Nic and Mimic Furor may ultimately have, but it cannot be amiss to observe, that there are many instances in which the passion for private acting has conjured up a theatrical spirit of such overruling bias, that no time has been able to *lay* it. A singular instance is before us in the case of Mr. Robert Wilkes. This gentleman was of a most respectable family in Ireland, and, on the accession of William the Third, enjoyed a highly lucrative place in the Customs at Dublin. Upon the success of their hero, at the memorable battle of the Boyne, the people of Dublin, among their other demonstrations of joy, determined to have a play; but the war having dispersed the actors, a number of gentlemen hired the theatre, and determined to perform it as well as they could. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Wilkes was easily prevailed upon to play the Colonel in the Spanish Friar: and the applause he received he injudiciously allowed to act so powerfully in his mind, that, in opposition to every friendly remonstrance, he determined to commence player. Accordingly, he immediately gave his situation in the Custom-house to a relation, who actually, from the place alone, realised a fortune of Fifty Thousand Pounds, while Mr. Wilkes, by strong interest, added to his really high theatrical talents, got engaged by Mr. Betterton, the then manager of the English stage, at the *enormous salary of fifteen shillings a week!* This sum, upon his marriage with a lady of good family, he, finding inadequate to his expences, he returned to Dublin, where Mr. Ashbury engaged him at *sixty pounds a year*, and a benefit;

benefit; a greater salary than any performer at that time had. On the death of Mountford he returned to London, and was engaged at a salary equal to Betterton himself; namely, good reader, *four pounds week.*

Such was the contrast between an officer of the Customs, in Dublin, and the most eminent performer of his day, in a London theatre, in the reign of William the Third.

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### Sporting with Serpents.

IT is well known, that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America, that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity, at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed, by the people themselves, to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily or humanity and science, relieved, by the most important communication from Don Pedro D'Orbies Y Vangas, through the medium of Count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to rank high among the benefactors of mankind. Don Pedro is a native of Santa Fé, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave, who possessed the power of charming the most venemous of the American serpents; after the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced, by a reward, to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant, called *vejuco du guaco*, and having bruised them, in the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls of the juice to drink; then, making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast; after which he informed him, that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro, then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands, several times, one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal. Encouraged by this first attempt, two domestics, being, in like manner, prepared by the guaco juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent, equally venemous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterwards bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no further injury than a slight local inflammation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands, with absolute impunity, employing no further preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco juice. The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not as yet been admitted into any botanical system, but it is amply described in a memoir, by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fé. It is of the compound-flowered or syngen[illegible]ious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistill, with a deeply divided summit. The

corolla

corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each calix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and feathered: the root is fibrous, perennial; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but, when old, becomes pentagonal: leaves are heart-shaped, opposite, of a dark-green mixed with violet velvetty on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets, and in shady places, in the viceroyalty of Santa-Fé.

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## New and Interesting Patents lately Enrolled.

Mr. Dickenson's (Long-Acre) Patent for certain Improvements in the Construction of, and additions to, Saddles, Harness, &c.

MR. Dickenson assumes that the principal defect in the common construction of saddles, &c. arises from the want of elasticity of the materials of which they are composed. This induces the necessity of girthing the animal too tight, which impedes the respiration, as well as endangers the girths. With respect to the crupper, he conceives it almost impossible, with the common construction of saddles and harness, to observe that just medium which shall preserve the saddle in its proper place, and yet not incommode the animal. His own improvements consist in the addition of certain elastic springs, interposed between the parts of these articles of horse-furniture. He lodges one or more spiral springs, similar to those made use of in spring steel-yards, in certain cavities, to which a piece of cat-gut or wire is fastened, or made to bear against one end of it; this, when drawn or acted upon, causes the parts of the spring to approach more nearly together. To the end of the cat-gut are fixed straps, or other fastenings, for the ready fixing of the girth, crupper, &c. in the usual manner.

The spiral springs are inclosed in proper receptacles, which form a separate piece capable of being applied or attached between the saddle and the extremity of the girth, crupper, &c. so as to communicate to the said appendages the effect of its own elasticity in the longitudinal direction.

Mr. Dickenson includes all materials, forms, and shapes in his patent; steel, however, he thinks the best substance, and the spiral the most commodious form. In some cases he makes use of *caoutchouc*, or common Indian rubber.

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Mr. J. Lewis's (Old-street, Middlesex), Patent for a Method of Preventing Accidents by a Horse or Horses drawing a Carriage or Carriages.

BY means of rings fitted to the harness, and bolts adapted to them, the horse or horses, are fastened with a chain to the carriage; from the part of the carriage to which the chain is fixed, proceeds a handle to the place most convenient to be laid hold of by the driver, who can instantly disengage the horse from the chaise. The same pressure which sets the horse at liberty, in case of a two-wheel carriage, throws out two legs, one before and another behind, so that the chaise still keeps its level. And that the rider may be in no danger of falling forward, by the sudden stopping of the carriage, each of the legs has a wheel; thus the motion will be gradually retarded. Mr. Lewis's invention is applicable to curricles and other carriages, the principle of which is explained in the patent with a number of drawings.

FEAST

# FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

An Advertisement from the Reading Mercury, May 24, 1802.

FOR A WIFE.

MISS in her Teens,—let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour.—With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant Baronet for ever: for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you, with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine, command my Three Hundred Thousand Pounds, and rank above half the ladies in our Imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's directing a favourable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your Attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, Eleven Thousand Pounds a year will be your ladyships for ever.

*Anecdote of Foote, and an Essex Man.*—When Murphy and Foote were at Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter proposed to take a turn upon the banks of that river, saying, he should catch some inspiration; they accordingly sallied forth. Foote was no sooner seen on the margin of the river, than a crowd assembled round him. He cracked his jokes, and peals of laughter resounded all over the lawn. On a sudden, a tall man, prodigiously corpulent and unwieldy, broke through the circle, richly dressed in gold-laced clothes, in order to have conversation with a famous wit. Foote paid him several compliments, and then asked him, "Has the county of Warwick the honour of giving birth to you, Sir, as well as to Shakespeare?"—"No," said the uncouth gentleman, "I come out of Essex."—"Where, Sir?"—"I come out of Essex:"—"Out of Essex!" said Foote, "and who drove you?"—A loud laugh broke out at once, and the Essex traveller rushed away, with a look that spoke his resolution never to have any more intercourse with a man of wit.

A punster being told, that "truth *lies* in a well," was an old saying, he replied, "it was none the truer for that, because he thought it was the property of truth to *lie* no where."

The same person hearing that the Cambridge feast of *John, Port Latin*, was very shortly to be held there, replied, "then it will be a truly *classical entertainment*, if *Latin* be as freely poured out as *Port*.

A gentleman

A gentleman, rather in high spirits, was stopped by three footpads, near Bow, who demanded his money or his life! "Can you doubt which I will give?" said the gentleman, "take my money. My life may obtain me more money; but all my money cannot obtain me another life."

*Anecdote.* — A gentleman, at Wigton, was lately called in to make the will of an elderly lady in the neighbourhood; when, amongst other appropriate admonitions to her children, she thus accosted her eldest son—"Now, John, I have made my will. I hope I have made my peace with God, and that after I am gone, I trust *thee* and all our friends will be agreeable.—But there is one thing more, John, I have, in particular, to desire of thee."—"What is that, mother? (replied the son) and if it be in my power to comply with your request, you may depend upon it I will."—"It is this, John;—I desire thou wilt never hold the quart too long in thine hand; for thou canst not tell how *dry* thy next neighbour may be."

*Mr. Sheridan's laughable story.* —Mr. Sheridan, in his speech on the Definitive Treaty, said, Mr. Pitt reminded him of a story of Aristophanes. It was this—A man of the name of Dæcius was represented as having been seated on a certain stool a considerable time, perhaps longer than the Right Hon. Gentleman, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, had sat on the Treasury Bench—the fact, however, was, he sat so long that his sitting part became identified with the stool, so that even Hercules, with all his strength, found it difficult to remove him; at last he gave him a sudden jerk, which, though it had the effect of removing him, at the same time left behind a portion of that part of him which it was unnecessary to name. Thus, if it had been found an Herculean task to remove the Right Hon. Gentleman, and, jerking him out of his seat, it had so happened, that he had left behind him, sticking to his stool, a portion of those, who, from constantly following him, might be compared with that which had been lost by Dæcius.

In another part of Mr. Sheridan's speech, alluding to Mr. Pitt's supposed secret influence, though out of administration, he says, "Mr. Pitt appears as an outside passenger upon the top of the state coach; where, to be sure, he has no ostensible hold of the reins; yet, if we see him busily employed in pointing out where it is to turn, what road it shall take, and where to bait, it is easy to see who is the real guide."—It is to be remarked, at the time Mr. Sheridan was speaking, Mr. Pitt was seated by chance on one of the highest of the seats behind the Treasury Bench, and which rendered the allusion more apposite, and the laugh greater.

One D. a notorious character, was a few days ago examined before a Magistrate, who not finding much cause of detention, told him he might go about his business, if he could give any account of his way of living. "Sir," replied D. "I live upon what I have saved from my having filled two *posts* under his Majesty." The Magistrate laughed at the assertion, but told him, he might go, if he would only inform him what posts they were.—"Why, please your Worship," replied the arch rogue, "I was first promoted to the *whipping post* for pot-stealing, and a twelvemonth afterwards, for cheating at put, I was promoted to *the pillory!*

SPORTING

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OWING to the pressure of the new tax upon dogs, Mr. John Hayter, of Shaftesbury, commonly called the Old 'Squire, is very reluctantly going to part with his hounds. The anecdotes of this old man would fill a volume for a sportsman's calendar. Notwithstanding repeated prosecutions from several gentlemen tenacious of their game, he has kept a pack of Harriers for more than sixty years; and it seems a pity the true lovers of that diversion do not open a subscription and indulge him to the end of his days. The last day of hunting this season he met a party of old sportsmen, and threw off at Kinton, near Sturminster Newton; after six hours sharp running, they started a fresh hare, which stood them two hours more; and what is remarkable, seven of the company (on foot) were in at the death, whose ages amounted to upwards of four hundred and ninety-three years, viz. the Old 'Squire, and his brother, Mr. James Castleman, Mr. Daniel Mitchell, Mr. T. Sweet, Mr. John Rowland, and Mr. Thomas Morgan.

On Tuesday morning, May 4, at nine o'clock, Mr. Trent's famous Irish horse, and Mr. Herring's celebrated chesnut mare, started at the top of Sloane-street, to run one mile on the turnpike road, for a bet of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, which was formed in one minute and a second. The horse carried eleven stone, and was rode by the gentleman's groom; and the mare carried catch weight. A better contested race was never witnessed; the mare winning only by a neck. Had the race been extended one hundred yards further, it was thought the horse would have won, as he came in exceedingly fresh, and the mare was considered to be much distressed.

The North Country Sportsmen, who came up, in great numbers, to back their favourite Rolla, in his race against Tag, for the One Thousand Guineas on Easter Monday, at Newmarket, returned so very much *chop-fallen* at their loses and disappointment, that it is not to be expected they will hastily repeat their journey without a better prospect of a more profitable speculation.

Rolla being a very long-legged high horse, with a commanding fore-hand, and his adversary Tag, a horse of different formation, it was ludicrously said by Singleton (who rode Tag) to Denny, after they were mounted, that it had "a great deal the appearance of running a Mare against a Foal." Great, however, as the disproportion certainly was, in length and size, the least horse won his match very easy.

A Grand Match has been made at Newmarket, to take place the second day of the Craven Meeting, 1803, between Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti, and Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. for 2000gs play or pay. Bets were immediately made to a very considerable amount, and it is supposed nearly as much money will depend on this match, as when Hambletonian and Diamond ran. Allegranti beat Sophia, though allowed 3lb. over the B. C. for 1000gs, and is at present the favourite in the sporting circles.

On Monday, the 3d, for a considerable

siderable bet, a poney, purchased a short time since, by Mr. Mathew Rawlins, butcher, of Bitton, for only two guineas and a half, started from Temple Gate, Bristol, to trot to Bath Bridge (full twelve miles) in one hour; which he performed with apparent ease in fifty-one minutes, carrying upwards of eleven stone.—The little animal is under twelve hands high, and declared, by his former owner, to be twenty-nine years old!

A gentleman in the North has made a bet, to a large amount, that he produces a terrier that shall kill *fifteen* cats in *ten* minutes.—If those who penned this paragraph had said, a *brute* in the North, instead of a *gentleman*, the article would have been somewhat more analagous to the savage bet it speaks of.

*Wonderful Running.*—The famous horse, Childers, ran the Round Course at Newmarket, carrying ten stone, in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, beating Almanza, and Brown Betty, giving each sixteen pounds, and Almanza was two years older.

A few weeks since, a four-year colt, the property of Mr. Chinery, of Great Whelnetham, for a considerable wager, trotted one mile on the London road, in two minutes and a half, to the astonishment of a great concourse of spectators, the time allowed for the performance being three minutes. —Many bets depended.

Mr. Heathcote, who met with such an unfortunate accident at Newmarket, during the race between Tag and Rolla, is likely to recover, though his whole body is so crushed, that it is much feared he will always be a cripple. The accident was occasioned by a countryman riding before him, who, like many others, wished to be in at the winning post. His horse fell, and Mr. Heathcote being close behind, his horse fell over the other, and broke its neck. Mr. H. was taken up apparently lifeless, as several people fell over him.

The uncommon attachment subsisting between a horse and dog, belonging to Mr. K. of Dover, is worthy of notice—each of them had been his faithful servants for many years, when the former fell ill, and was sent out to graze several miles from home. The dog left his master to remain with him, under the care of a peasant; and one night the horse wandered into a very marshy piece of ground, into which he was gradually sinking deeper, from weakness and the nature of the place, when his dumb companion ran to the cottage of the hind, who attended and fed them both, and barked so loudly, that the man, completely roused by the noise, looked out of the window. The uncommon howlings he heard, excited his attention, and he opened the door to admit the poor animal, who, instead of entering, ran to and fro, as if inviting him to come out. The man, good-naturedly, did so, and the dog ran before him to the place, where his nearly stifled friend had sunk, and could only just keep his nostrils above the bog. He soon roused some neighbouring farmers, and, with their assistance, the horse was saved. Some time after, Mr. K. sent for both home, and one day riding into an inn-yard, followed of course by his dog, the latter was attacked by a mastiff every way his superior; the mare shewed every sign of fretfulness, and Mr. K. vainly strove to keep her quiet; at last, seeing her favourite covered with blood, she turned herself round in spite of Mr. K——'s exertions, who could

could not give her credit for so sagacious an intention, and with one blow of her hind foot, laid his antagonist dead. Though this may seem scarcely credible, it is a fact well known to several of the most respectable persons in that town.

The Races at the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, which ended on Friday, April 30, were uncommonly well attended. Among his Grace's visitors were, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Egremont and Chichester, and many other families of distinction. All the matches were rode by gentlemen. This is the second year of their meeting, and from the great number of persons that attended from all parts, it bids fair to rival the famous Club at Bibury.

The gentlemen of the Maddington Club, who for three or four years past, have had an annual Race Meeting, at Maddington Down, near Amesbury, on the plan of the celebrated Bibury Club, held their Races this year, for the first time, on Worthy Downs, near Winchester. They lasted three days, and were very fashionably attended.

Of the Cocking Match between Lord Milsintown and Mr. Germaine, consisting of twenty-five battles, for One Thousand Guineas the main, five battles were fought at Newmarket, on Monday, the 3d of May, four of which were won by Mr. Germaine. At the beginning, five to four on Lord Milsintown.

On Sunday evening, the 2d of May, was rung, on the eight large bells, at St. Alphage, Greenwich, by the Society of Ringers of that place, a true and complete peal of London Court Bob, containing five thousand and forty changes, which was completed in three hours and twelve minutes, and is the first five thousand and forty, in the above method, ever rung.

On Easter Tuesday, the annual foot-ball match was played at Workington, and again won by the seamen, who have gained the victory for ten successive years.—A belt was wrestled for by twenty-six competitors; when the prize was carried off by one Johnston, a man about fifty years of age, whose attempt, at the onset, was laughed at: the event, however, proved the truth of the axiom—" let him *laugh* who *win*."

The late journey of young Hunter, the Messenger, from Amiens, was extremely expeditious; but a Messenger is still living, who, during Lord Lansdowne's negociation, was at Paris and in London thrice in one week; and a Courier belonging to the Duchess of Devonshire, in the commencement of the late revolution, made the journey from Paris in twenty-eight hours.

The celebrated Evan Peubwich, thirty-seven years old, and W. Rhuglyn, aged twenty-eight, for a wager of fifty guineas, lately ran six miles, in the county of Glamorgan, in less than twenty-five minutes—in the last half mile Peubwich lost his sight, and fell, when, finding he must be beat, he wept very much. The bets ran high, three to one on the loser.

Two remarkable events have lately occurred at Nantes, in France. Twelve common women repaired, by appointment, to the wood of Lannois; and with an equal number on each side fought a pitched battle, and after having beat each other violently with their fists, they would not come to an accommodation. No man was present on the occasion.

A duel

A duel of a more serious nature was fought at the same place, between two women with pistols, at only six paces distance. One of them received a ball in the thigh. The challenge was given in writing.

*Boxing*.—In page 29, of our last number, we gave a circumstantial account of the apprehension of Bourke, Belcher, and a number of persons, assembled to see them spar, at the Pea-Hen, in Gray's-inn Lane. The last day of the Quarter Sessions at Newbury having since occurred, the two former appeared with their bail, and several friends, when Mr. Dundas, the Chairman of the Sessions, addressed them, and said the prosecution was at the instance of the county, but it had been moved, by *certiorari*, into the Court of King's Bench. He admonished them to leave off the practice of boxing, and particularly addressed himself to Belcher, of whose peaceable and decorous conduct he had heard a favourable report.—The Court seemed pleased at the respectful manner in which they all attended, to submit themselves to the laws of their country; and it was understood, if they did not again violate them, they will not be called upon to answer for their former misconduct.

The following article has, however, appeared since in the public papers:—

"Belcher and Bourke have been matched at Newmarket, by Captain Fletcher, and Fletcher Reid, Esq. for two hundred guineas a side. Belcher has already set off to Yorkshire, to put himself in training, accompanied by Joe Ward; and Bourke remains in the neighbourhood of Newmarket for the same purpose. The battle is agreed to take place within six weeks, but where or when, will be kept as much a secret as possible."

*Spanish Bull-Baiting*.—Monday, the 7th of April, the Bull-Fights of Madrid opened for the season, and attracted, as usual, immense multitudes in the Arena, constructed for that purpose. The inclination of the people for the sanguinary part of this spectacle may be judged of from the receipts of the morning and afternoon performances, as mentioned in a private letter.—"In the morning, only six bulls were to be run, and the produce of the seats amounted altogether to forty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty rials. In the afternoon, when ten bulls were slaughtered, the money taken was seventy-two thousand and nineteen rials. Nineteen horses were killed during the attacks, by the impetuous goadings of the maddened animals, the skins of which, with that of the sixteen bulls, and a contribution of the people admitted to sell water to the spectators, amounted, all together, to one hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight rials for the day's exertion; in justification of which, humanity seems to exclaim, that no other argument can possibly be adduced, than that the profit is applied to the support of the hospitals of Madrid."

On Thursday the 20th instant, the following accident happened to the phaeton and four horses (bays) of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, in Hyde Park—Between three and four o'clock as the coachman was mounting the phaeton, in Hyde Park, at the Piccadilly corner, with the design of keeping the horses in exercise till Sir Watkin came, just as he had his foot on the step, and took hold of the



reins,

reins, the shaft horses moved gently on; when, striking one of the fore-horses with the pole, it took fright, and set off full gallop. The other horses, as usual, set off, and ran full speed towards Park-lane. The coachman not only had not gained his seat, but he had not got proper possession of the reins to stop them. He called to the groom on horseback, but he was not expert enough to be of any service. The four horses ran away with the phaeton at full speed, keeping their own side of the road, till they had nearly reached the Stanhope-street gate, when they overtook the chariot of Mrs. Bentheim, going slowly on the same side. The fore-horses did not clear the chariot, and they led the shaft-horses full upon it. The shaft-horses running at speed, one of the standards of Mrs. Bentheim's chariot entered the breast of one of them, and sunk several inches deep. The standard was broken off and bloody, and the whole carriage received a dreadful shock; a great part of the harness, &c. was broken, the chariot driven upon one of its own horses, and cut its legs; the coachman was nearly thrown off his box, and Mrs. Bentheim, an elderly lady, in the chariot, terribly alarmed. Of the phaeton horses, the one into which the standard entered, fell; it was afterwards led away, and was not expected to live; the other shaft horse stood still; one of the fore horses broke from the reins, but in passing between Mrs. Bentheim's chariot and the rails, it was stopped; the other broke away at full speed. The phaeton was dashed against the rails, the off fore-wheel broke to pieces, and the phaeton came to the ground. The coachman was thrown out, or threw himself off, and the wheel was within an inch of going over his head. He was much bruised. The accident soon collected a crowd of carriages, horsemen, and foot passengers. Sir Watkin himself arrived on horseback with some friends, within twenty minutes after it happened. It was fortunate that no farther mischief was done, as, at the time the horses ran away, the road was full of horsemen and carriages, and the progress of the horses was so swift, that no one was apprised of their approach.

Twenty-seven persons detected in playing at Hazard, have been lately arrested at Rome, and fined two thousand five hundred livres each, and, in default of payment thereof, they are to be sent to the gallies.

Died, April 24, aged 76, Mr. John Parker, of Edmonton-street, Lincoln, formerly an eminent watch-maker, at Liverpool. His pedestrian abilities were so great, that within one year of his decease, he could walk with ease five miles and a half within the hour.

Lately died suddenly, at Lullingstone, Richard Bray, aged 82, who, for these last forty years, had been the faithful and confidential park-keeper and huntsman to Sir John Dixon Dyke, Bart.

Died, March 31, at his house in Bache's Row, Hoxton, Mr. John Carlin, an eminent ringer and composer in the science of Campanalogia, and one of the Society of College Youths. A dead peal, on the occasion, was rung the following Sunday, at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

Died, a short time ago, at Wolverhampton, at an advanced age, where he was upon a visit, Mr. Robert Collins, long known and admired by the gentlemen of the turf for his great abilities, both as a trainer and rider.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

In ancient days, a Bard was always found to celebrate heroic deeds. The Trojan War, as the sublime in tactics, had its Homer and Virgil. In times more modern, Piercy and Douglas had their Chevy-Chase. Would it not be shameful, then, if the far-famed Flixton, so celebrated among coursers, should have its battles fought in obscurity?—Impressed with this sentiment, a Bard seems to have noticed Flixton, as the following Ballad was fonnd on the Wold there: the author appears to have lost it in a storm, as it was discovered on the dissolving of a—Snowball.

### THE NEW CHEVY CHASE:

OR,

THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING—1802.

*Arma virosque Cano.*——Virg.

FULL sorely had the wint'ry blast
The Flixton Wold assail'd:
And men and dogs, in snow held fast,
Their prowess lost bewail'd.

At length, all on a day in March,
The Hawking Colonel came:
His cap was green: his look was arch:
His spirits in a flame.

And oaths of size and make seven-fold
The gallant Colonel sware;
And vow'd each Hare upon the Wold,
Should know that he was there.

And with him came a gallant crew,
For feats of Coursing fam'd:
A band more gay you could not view:
—The Flixton Club 'twas nam'd.

And when the Colonel's dogs so stout
The hares had given a dressing,
The Colonel drove his men about,
And gave the mob his blessing.

At last the day of trial came,
The Colonel's pride was up;
Six gallant dogs of equal fame,
Contending for the Cup!

The Colonel rode; the greyhounds ran;
The hare, she almost flew:
When—lo! came Langley's serving-man
To say—a word or two.

"What ho! what ho!" John Thompson cried,
"What here! my old encroacher!"
And then—to dash the Colonel's pride,
He damn'd him—"for a poacher!"

The reins fell from the Colonel's thumb,
The blood flew in his cheek:
The President himself being dumb,
The Club, they could not speak.

John Thompson then grew livelier still,
And, like a cock in feather,
He boldly gave another pill—
And—"damn'd them all together."

Then first—Sir Thomas, anger full,
Rais'd up his seven-inch stick;
And would have crack'd John Thompson's skull,
But it was far too thick.

"Whips! whips! O whips! George Parkhurst cried;
"Let's give the dogs a course!"
"Whips—whips—O whips!" the hills replied—
Dogs leaders, foot and horse,

On

On Leslie rush'd—for driving fam'd,
And threw his whip-cord in:
It fell where it need not be nam'd,
And with it took the skin.

Away flew Thompson smarting sore,
The meeting gave a holloa!
He was the hare to fly before,
And they the dogs to follow.

Then join'd Lord Grey the pleasant sport,
For who could say him, "No!"
Fiery his horse, his whip but short,
But yet, "He'd have a go."

Then on he dash'd; nor stop nor fear,
Urging his well-bred steed;
To see this Peer so gay appear,
It was a *go* indeed!

Next followed Trapps of powerful size,
Prepar'd to crush the foe;
But whip and spur in vain he tries,
His horse was deadly slow.

"Lay on," he cried, "my merry boys all,
"For I no sport can see;
"For tho' I'm strong, my horse is small,
"So give one cut for me."

John Thompson had an hack of speed,
And he the spur could ply;
Yet Boynton, on a Jupiter steed,
Soon tipt him the *go-by*!

Then came the pelting of the storm,
The whips began to play:
The child may rue that was unborn,
The whipping of that day.

Then prosper long the Flixton sport,
Renown'd in Coursing story;
And when all other game falls short,
May such game rise before ye!

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## A RAINY SUNDAY.

THE whistling winds tempestuous blow,
The rain descends! Good lack!
The City Dame's compell'd to stow
Her silks into a hack.

Old Squaretoes, growling, views the glass,
And frets as if on thorns,
Oblige to dine at home, alas!
Instead of at the Horns!

The spruce Apprentice angry swears,
And bites his nether lip,
He cannot shew his tonish airs,
Nor sport his *bran new wip.*

The Devotee despising mud,
Though splash'd up to the shins;
Demurely walks, in spacious hood,
To wash away her sins.

The Buck who scorns the City Puts,
And thinks all rich men noodles;
In Hessian boots securely struts,
To make his bets at Boodle's.

Ye Raining Pow'rs! then hear me pray,
And spare! Oh spare us one day!
Throughout the week your fountains play,
And cloudless be each Sunday!

TIM TARTLET.

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## ON THE PEACE.

## MOTTOS FOR TRANSPARENCIES,

BY MR. JOHN BOWDEN.

LET your parading banners fall,
Ye Generals all give place;
Here comes a General worth you all,
For here comes General Peace.

Welcome, unexpected Peace,
(Horrid War, for ever cease)
Plenty's overflowing horn,
Greets thy long desir'd return.

When General War had brought us General Grief,
God sent us General Peace to our relief;
And General Peace, with General Plenty crown'd,
Are come, with General Joy, to heal the wound.

Britons rejoice, your King makes Peace,
Your burdens shall be lighter;
The threatening sky clears up apace,
Grows brighter still and brighter.

When Peace and Plenty thus combine,
The grumbling string relaxes;
But O dispel, ye pow'rs divine,
Our heavy cloud of Taxes.

Farewell, dire War, right glad we are,
Now Peace her reign commences;
O blessed hour, when adverse pow'r,
Brings madmen to their senses.

When God over-rules, Oppressors and fools,
And thus puts an end to their madness;
How, how can we choose, but rejoice at the news,
And light all our windows for gladness.

Though

Though General Peace has relieved us so far
As to save us from famine and General War,
Your triumph, ye Britons, can ne'er be completed
Till General Taxation can once be defeated.

We who this night so joyful are,
To-morrow must be sad,
For we've a load of Tax to bear
Would drive a wise-man mad.

## SENTIMENTAL TOASTS.

WRITTEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

May Briton's sons constrain to yield,
Make lasting peace their plan;
And never more dare take the field
Against the Rights of Man.

May Frenchmen never break their word
(Whence War and Discord springs)
Nor ever more unsheath the sword,
Against the Rights of Kings.

May loyalists and republicans
Both keep within their tether;
And, executing Friendship's plans,
Live happily together.

## JACK AT THE OPERA.

By Mr. Dibdin.

In his last Entertainment called A Frisk.

AT Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog;
She had just shap'd her course to the play:
Of *two rums* and *one water* I order'd my grog,
And to speak her soon stood under way:
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
Like a lubber so raw, and so soft,
Half a george handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlins, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought there'd been somebody hurt:
But the devil a bit,—'twas your outlandish rips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;
You'd have sworn you'd been taking of one of the trips
'Mongst the Caffrees, or wild Catabaws.

"What's the play, ma'am?" said I to a good-natured tit,
"The play!—'tis the *uproar* you quiz."
My timbers, cry'd I, the right name on't you've hit;
For the devil's *own uproar* it is.
For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft,
If it wan't for the petticoat-geer,
With their squeaking so molly-ish, tender, and soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from monsieur.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat;
And *speciously* one curious madam-a-selle,
Oh! she daintily handled her feet!
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so queer,
'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me;
And so I sung out—pray, be decent, my dear;
Consider I'm just come from sea.

Tan't an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes;
So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantums and ma'am Parisots,
For old Billy Shakespear and Mog.
So I made the playhouse, and hail'd my dear spouse;
She smil'd as she saw me approach;
And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

## IN VINO VERITAS,

Written, composed, and sung, by Mr. Dibdin, in his last Entertainment, called A Frisk.

COME, let the bottle go round,
And fill every glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would you wish to drive mis'ry and care from life's portal,
Take a trip up to heav'n, and be dubb'd an immortal,
You've nothing to do but to drink.

Those who try in the lottery their fortunes to mend,
To change money for blanks, all they can rap and rend,
By advertisements gull'd, who their pockets turn out,
And are tickled by flattery, like tickling a trout,

Who

Who gamble at starting Ten Thousand to One.
Rich as Crœsus to-night, and to-morrow undone,—
Come, let the bottle go round,
And fill ev'ry glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would adventurers insure the full sum of their wishes,
All the capital prizes at Pope's and at Bishes,
They've nothing to do but to drink.

All ye pretty Strephons, such torments who prove,
Who vanity cherish, and fancy it love;
Who think ev'ry folly permitted to youth,
Who propagate lies till you fancy them truth;
And yet, so does prudence make virtue its care,
Who are only despis'd by the honourable fair,—
Then let the bottle go round,
And fill every glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would you fancy all those to whom nonsense you've written,
With your sweet-scented persons are all of them smitten,
You've nothing to do but to drink.

Last, ye young virgins about fifty-three,
Who so languish and leer as you're sipping your tea,
Who would fain the young men from the girls take away,
Though the first to confess you have all had your day,
Who as gaudy as butterflies trip it about,
Who dress naked in spasms, and who trip in the gout,—
Come, let the bottle go round,
The glasses be charg'd to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
While low at your feet kneel Adonises plenty,
Would you blush with the airs and the graces of twenty,
Why,—you've nothing to do but to drink.

## THE OLD LOVER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IRIS! how young thou bloomest now,
While I full many a year have told;
But read my heart, and not my brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child, and thou canst say,
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day,
That first I set my eyes on thee!

## In C. D. MEDICUM et EQUITEM AURATUM.

TE tandem tuus Orcus habet, te Civibus Orci
Gratius haud unquam misit Apollo caput
Quippe tuo jussu terras liquêre, putentque
Tartara se jussu linquere posse tuo.

## TRANSLATION.

On C. D. Knight and Physician.

HELL's at length in possession of Dr. C. D.
Whom the Citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think, now he's fixed in those regions to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, that he'll send them from hell.

## LINES

ON SEEING A HACKNEY COACH-HORSE IN LONDON STREETS.

FAREWELL, poor beast! thy labour now is o'er,
And all thy wretchedness with life is fled;
The whip shall lash thy panting sides no more,
No more th' unfeeling driver shalt thou dread.

Tho' hard thy task, and scanty was thy fare,
Yet didst thou toil with unabating zeal,
Till with'ring age thy spirits did impair,
And from thy nerves their native strength did steal.

Tho' "with'ring age," and weakness, thus conspir'd,
Of every joy to render thee forlorn;
Thy marble-hearted tyrant still requir'd
Of thee, the task thou could'st no more perform;

When Death, with pity saw thy misery,
Quick aim'd a fatal, but a friendly blow,
Which from thy tyrant's power sat thee free,
And put a period to all thy woe.

I. K.